



Gc  
929.2  
V27779v  
1900988

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL  
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 01436 8986



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2019

<https://archive.org/details/vanclevefamilypi00vanc>







THE  
VAN CLEVE  
FAMILY

\*\*\*

PIONEERS  
IN  
MINNESOTA



1900988

THE  
VAN CLEVE  
FAMILY

\* \* \*

PIONEERS  
IN  
MINNESOTA

7-16-74 R

1900

THE  
VAN CLIVE  
FAMILY

PIEDMONT  
IN  
MINNESOTA



Received from: Mrs. Horatio Phillips Van Cleave  
518 6th Avenue S.E.  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

55419

September 1, 1973

(Audrey W.

Van Cleave)



Reproduced for distribution  
December, 1959

as a Gift to the Editor  
by his children

\*\*\*

New York, N. Y.



# C O N T E N T S

	Pages
Why This Story	1-3
Coat of Arms	4-5
Family Trees	6-12
Dutch Immigrants in New York	13-18
The Family Begins - Generations (1) to (3)	19-21
Aaron (4), Dr. John (5), Horatio (6)	22
Horatio (6) and Charlotte	23-26
Tombstones	27-29
Dr. John (5) of Princeton, N. J.	30-31
Gen. Horatio's War Record	32-37
Life at Long Prairie, Minn.; The Bad Sidewalk	38-39
Charlotte Ouisconsin Van Cleve	40-44
The Story of Kate Noonan	45-49
Charlotte Seymour Clark by her daughter	50-66
Malcolm (7), Anna Houston (7), Charlotte Seymour (7)	67
Margaret Ellen (7), Mary Isabel (7), Elizabeth A. Hall (7)	68-69
The Hall Family	70-72
Horatio Seymour (7) and Family	73-76
Edward Mortimer (7) and Family	77-82
Samuel Houston (7) and Family	83-84
Paul Ledyard (7) and Family	85-88
John Risley (7) and Family	89-91
Carl Ernest (7)	92
A Baby Crib	93-94
The Allen Family	95-99
The Williams Family	100
The Woodbridge Family	101-105
Dickinson Notes	106-107
Noble Ancestry of the American Seymours	108-117
Thomas Young Seymour	118
Some Seymour Anecdotes	119
Double Significance of the Seymours to Family of Edward M. Van Cleve (7)	120
The Seymour Name in the Family	120
Epilogue	121

\* \* \* \* \*





## WHY THIS STORY?

The compiler of this story, hereafter referred to as the "Ed.", became interested in the genealogical aspects of it when he was located on an engineering job at Princeton University and found the grave of great grandfather, Dr. John Van Cleve, and his wife in the Princeton cemetery. Then came the finding of a little book "Genealogies of Early Families of Trenton and Ewing" in the Princeton college library, followed by a walk of five miles to Lawrence, N. J. on a nice Sunday morning and a visit to the old Lawrence cemetery where Van Cleves galore are buried, including my great great, and great great great grandparents. As far as interest goes, that cinched it. That was many years ago, and during the intervening years, I have from time to time been collecting data, always thinking that I would some day reproduce it in type. (See reproductions of epitaphs on later pages.)

In 1934, when my son Allen Seymour was a high school student here in Minneapolis, he did a lot of work on the genealogy as a high school project, typing items I had collected and a good many that he had done his own research to obtain. These items will be noted as they appear in the following pages.

Among the many members of the family to whom I have written over the years, is the late Harley Jones Van Cleave who was a professor of zoology of the University of Illinois and who did a lot of work on the family genealogy. In a letter dated in 1944, he tells of putting in part of a vacation writing to 500 Van Cleves as located in telephone books, and says, "Some pathetic cases have come in where a grown man has absolutely no information on his family further back than his father." Yes, I would say "pathetic or worse," and I feel that if I can distribute this effort to living members of the Van Cleve clan who might otherwise know little of some of the very worthwhile people who have borne the name, the work involved will perhaps not be in vain.

After the death of Prof. H. J. Van Cleave, I received a letter from his widow advising that their son, Philip F. Van Cleave, Petrified Forest National Monument, Holbrook, Arizona, had his father's records, and a letter to him developed the fact that Helen Van Cleave Blankmeyer had written a genealogy, "The Van Cleave Family", and that I might be able to get a copy from her son, Harrison C. Blankmeyer, Jr. This I was thankful to receive from him and it has given me information on Jan van Cleef, the immigrant, which I did not have. I am glad to be able to reproduce it.

In addition to the pages on the Van Cleves, those on the Seymours should interest all of us. Those on the Woodbridges and the Williamses are of special interest to my mother's descendants. Those on the Allens, to my children.



If, in perusing this story, we find that we have a sort of double connection with that old reprobate, Henry the Eighth of England, I hope we shall not lose any sleep over the fact.

A genealogy is of course only a progress report. I hope some younger member of the family will be interested enough to go on with the record and I herewith gladly hand him the torch.

Horatio Phillips Van Cleve II, Ed.



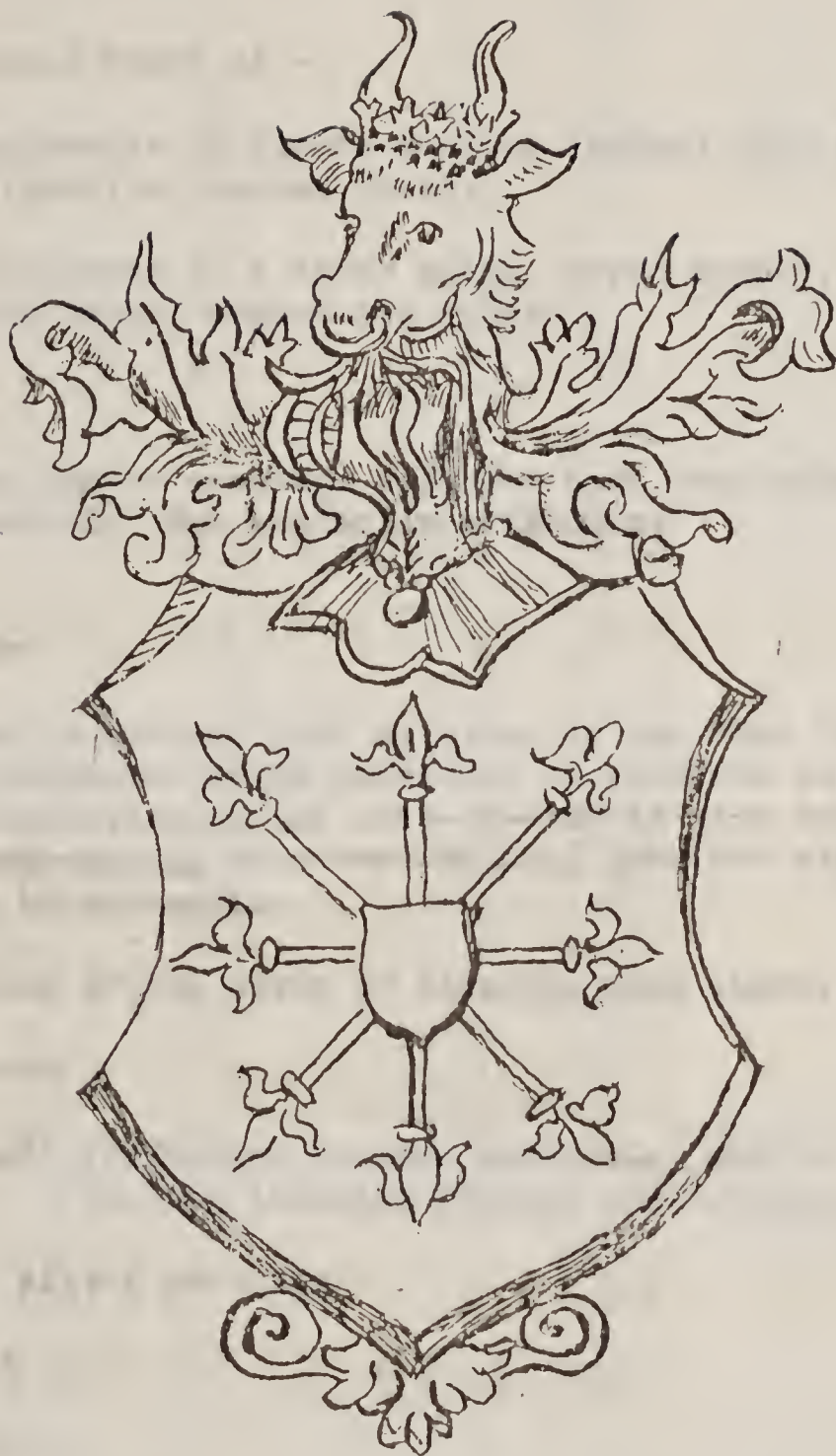




H. P. Van Cleve II, the "Ed."







VAN CLEAVE



ARMED WITH

Description of the Van Cleef coat-of-arms (Riestap's Armory), reproduced by Tiffany and Company, for Henry H. Van Cleef of New York.

"Cleves - Ancient Dukes of -

Gules, an escarbuncle of fleurs-de-lis, charged with an escutcheon argent or Or (gold) at center point.

Crest - Head and neck of a steer gules, horus argent, crowned Or the circle of crown chequy argent and gules.

No motto.

Note: In some modern versions supports have been added, lions rampant holding the shield. Not anciently authentic."

Note by Editor:

The above is quoted, just as given in the "Van Cleave Family" by Helen V. C. Blankmeyer whose genealogy is referred to above, and from which the reproduction of the coat-of-arms is also taken, with acknowledgements. Reproducing this coat-of-arms does not signify that it is guaranteed to be authentic.

Definitions of the words of heraldry used above:

Gules - red

Escarbuncle (referring to this particular one) - a charge or bearing (meaning figure) consisting of 8 radii

Argent - silver or white

Or - gold

Crest - top

Horus - This word is not found in any book on heraldry available to the Editor. It is apparently a typographical error and should be Horns.

Chequy - a field divided, like a chess board, into equal squares - checkered

Lions rampant - standing erect, on all fours





THE VAN CLEVE FAMILY - MINNESOTA LINE

- (1) JAN            b. Holland, 1628, came to America 1653, m. Engeltie Louwrens, daughter of Louwrens Pietersie. Settled in New Utrecht, Long Island. 12 children.
- (2) BENJAMIN    second child of Jan and Engeltie, b. 1683, m. Hendrickje Sutphen, daughter of Dirk Jansen van Sutphen and Elizabeth van Nuys. He had a second wife (name not given). He settled in Monmouth County, N. J. as early as 1707, had 12 children, and died 1747.
- (3) JOHN           second child of Benjamin (2), b. 1700, d. 1772. m. 1, Maria Koffert, 2, Sarah Cowenhoven, 3, Cornelia Van Marter, 7 children. He lived in Lawrence, N. J. most of his life.
- (4) AARON        third child of John (3), b. 1743, d. 1810, m. Hannah, daughter of Jacob Carle. She died in 1803. 5 children.
- (5) DR. JOHN     second child of Aaron (4) b. 1778, d. 1826, m. Louisa Anna Houston, daughter of Hon. William Churchill Houston of the Continental Congress. She was born in 1782, d. 1827.
- (6) ✓ HORATIO PHILLIPS, second child of John (5), b. 1809, d. 1891, m. 1836 Charlotte Ouisconsin Clark, daughter of Major Nathan Clark of the U. S. Army, and Charlotte Seymour. She was born in 1819, died 1907. 12 children as follows - all of generation (7):
 

1. Malcolm Clark	1838-1863	7. Horatio Seymour	1849-1914
2. Anna Houston	1840-1859	8. Edward Mortimer	1851-1924
3. Charlotte Seymour	1843-1843	9. Samuel Houston	1853-1912
4. Margaret Ellen	1844-1844	10. Paul Ledyard	1856-1945
5. Mary Isabel	1845-1846	11. John Risley	1859-1941
6. Elizabeth Archer	1847-1918	12. Carl Ernest	1861-1934

Of these twelve, the individual genealogy follows:





- (7) MALCOLM CLARK, b. 1838, murdered in 1863, not married.  
 (7) ANNA HOUSTON, b. 1840, m. Mortimer Thompson, d. 1859 at birth of baby, Mark Thompson  
 (7) CHARLOTTE SEYMOUR, b. 1843, d. 1843  
 (7) MARGARET ELLEN, b. 1844, d. 1844  
 (7) MARY ISABEL, b. 1845, d. 1846  
 (7) ELIZABETH ARCHER, b. 1846, m. Dec. 26, 1865 William Wisner Hall at Honolulu, H. I., d. 1918

(8) WILLIAM SIBLEY b. Jan. 30, 1867 d. Oct. 19, 1868	CHARLOTTE b. July 31, 1876 Minneapolis, Minn.	EDWIN OSCAR b. May 30, 1881 Honolulu d. Oct. 28, 1946 Bangor, Me. m. Margaret Brown (9) Son, Thomas Seymour	PHILIP CUSHMAN b. Dec. 11, 1886 Honolulu m. May Christine Gilmour
(8) HORATIO VAN CLEVE b. Jan. 15, 1871 Honolulu d. Aug. 20, 1889 Minneapolis	THEODORE SEYMOUR b. Feb. 16, 1880 Honolulu m. Ruth Houghton (9) Sons: Houghton Seymour Winslow William	FLORENCE b. May 18, 1884 Honolulu m. Malcolm Macintyre Children: (9) Cornelia Hall m. Paul Foley 4 children (9) Jean Elizabeth, m. Jos. Mielziner 3 children (9) Margery Seymour, m. (1) Wm. Cartwright (2) Jas. C. R. Shaw (3) Murdock H. Rogers (10) Daughter: Jane Seymour Cartwright m. Andrew Montwill	(9) Malcolm Neil, m. Mary-Grey Hufft (10) Children: Anne Vaughan Stephen Seymour Jane Hall



(7) HORATIO SEYMOUR, b. 1849, m. Harriet Hemip of Minneapolis, d. 1914

(8) CHARLOTTE HEMIUP

b. 1870

d. about 1952

m. Joseph Wilcox Jenkins

No children

GEORGE BARNES

b. 1875

d. about 1951

m. (1) Florence Lincoln Smith (niece of Col. Clifford Thompson,  
once editor of Minneapolis Tribune)

(9) Daughter:

Charlotte Seymour, died in infancy

m. (2) Rose Davies, sister of Marian Davies, actress

(9) Daughter:

Patricia, m. Arthur Lake, actor

(10) Two children

m. (3) Margaret, who outlived him





(7) EDWARD MORTIMER, b. 1851, d. 1924, m. (1) Sarah M. Adams of Providence, R. I.

(8)

MARY ADAMS, not married

m. (2) Mary Seymour Williams of Chicago

(8) HORATIO PHILLIPS

m. (1) Leslie G. Allen

Children:

(9) Leslie Allen

(9) John Woodbridge

m. Ethel Dannenmeier

Children:

(10) John Walter

Julia Ann

Mark David

(9) Allen Seymour

m. Lois Dame

Children:

(10) Dale Gordon

Geoffrey Scott

John Allen

Deborah Alice

(9)

Horatio Phillips

m. Elizabeth Tupper

Children:

(10) Edward Allen

Elizabeth Leslie

(8) m. (2) Audrey C. Wells

REBECCA WOODBRIDGE

m. James H. Nicol

Children:

(9) Mary Williams

m. Frederick Erdman

Children:

(10) Barbara, m. David Blais

Children:

(11) Kendrick David

Steven Erdman

Karen Elizabeth

(10) Carol

(10) Frederick, m. Janet Booth

(11) Son: Robert Seward

(10) Elizabeth

(10) Constance

(9) Barbara, d. 1935

(9) Elizabeth

(9) Catherine

m. Arthur Lanckton

Children:

(10) Alison Daphne, Arthur Van Cleve, Barbara Nicol

(9) Edward Van Cleve, m. Mary Chewey

(10) Daughter: Susan

(9) Margaret Grace, m. Stanley Gutelius

Children:

(10) Stanley, Mary, James,

Catherine, Barbara

ERASTUS WILLIAMS

Not married

GRACE WILLIAMS

Not married



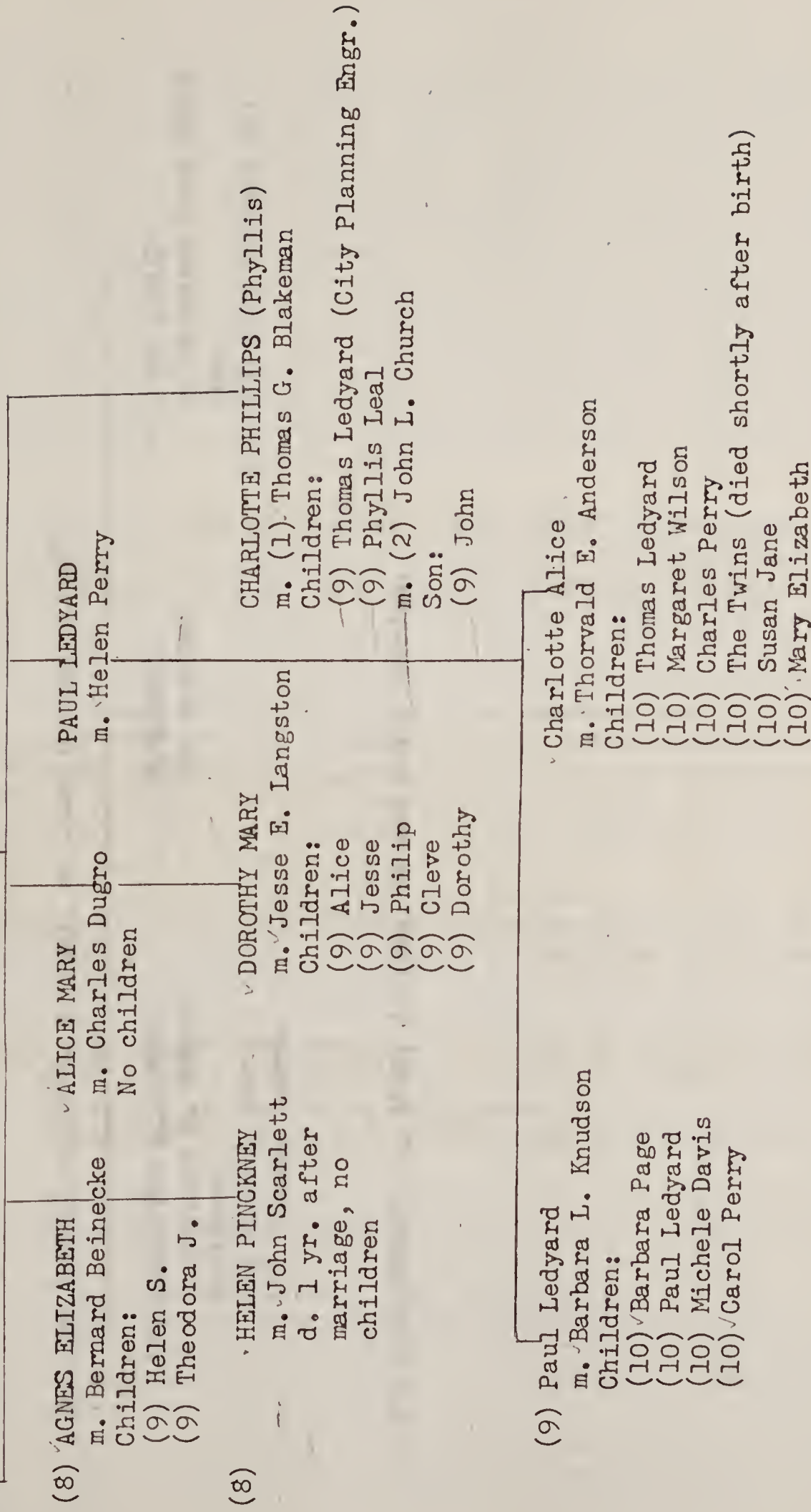


(7) SAMUEL HOUSTON, b. 1853, d. 1912, m. Ida Wilson of Minneapolis

<p>(8) PAULINE m. Alexander Power No children</p>	<p>REGINALD HEBER m. Mary Ellen Fleming (9) Son: Robert m. Ann Squires of Los Vegas, Nev. (10) Son: James Michael</p>	<p>✓ CHARLOTTE OUISCONSIN m. Robert Coulehan Children: (9) Mary Catherine m. Kenneth Killary Children: (10) Mary Catherine (10) David (9) Robert m. Rose Montello Children: (10) Gene (daughter) (10) Susan (10) Vincent</p>
---	---	--



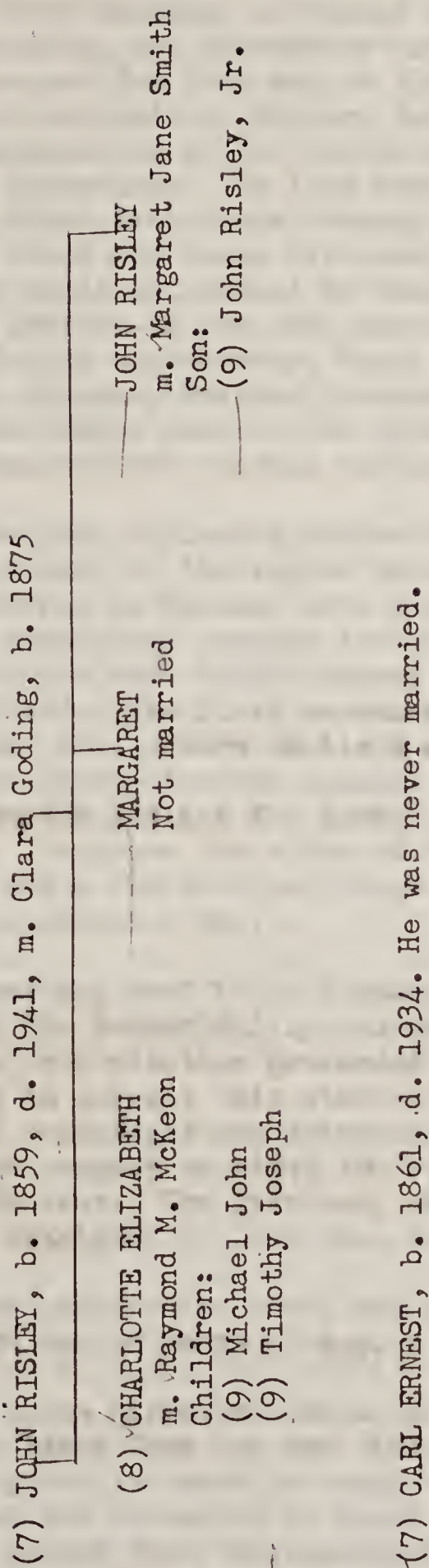
(7) PAUL LEDYARD, b. 1856, d. 1945, m. Alice Mary Davis



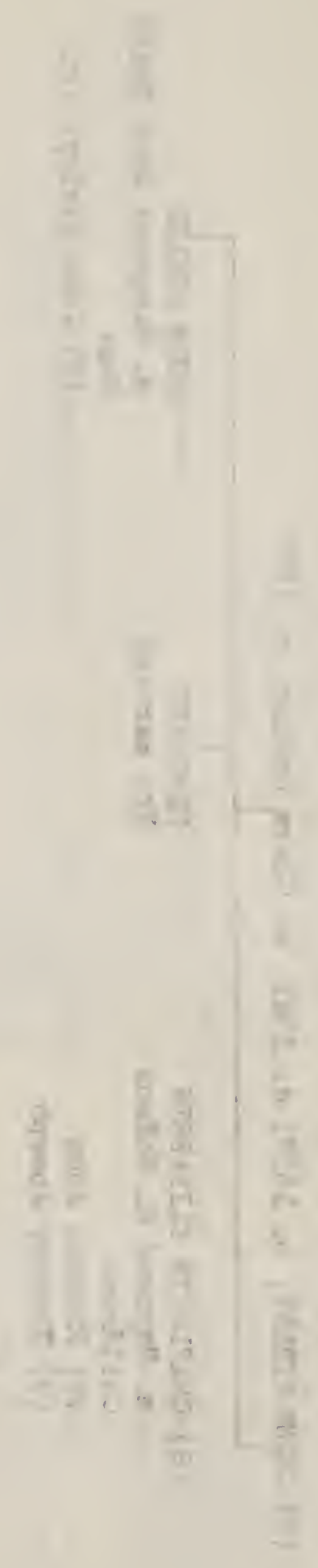
Note: It will be noted that Paul Ledyard (10) is the fourth Paul Ledyard in the family, and that the name Ledyard has been given six times, as shown on this page. Thus the name of Colonel William Ledyard, murdered at Fort Griswold in Revolutionary days, is being well remembered. Ed.







Answer: Given for an input  $x$  to  $f(x)$ ,  $f(x)$  is a binary string.





# DUTCH IMMIGRANTS IN THE NEW WORLD

The first European of record to visit the coastal regions of what is now New York was the Florentine navigator, Giovanni da Verrazano, who discovered present New York Bay in 1524, and whose large statue greets the eyes of all arrivals in Battery Park. Nearly a century elapsed before serious exploration of the region was undertaken and the Indians still had it all to themselves. In 1609 Henry Hudson, an English navigator in the employ of Dutch East India Company, piloted his vessel, the Half Moon, up the river which now bears his name, reaching the site of modern Albany. The French explorer, Samuel de Champlain, operating from Quebec, explored the north portion in the same year. He shortly came into conflict with a powerful Indian confederacy, known as the Five Nations and comprising the Onondagas, Cayugas, Oneidas, Mohawks, and Senacas. These tribes occupied most of the region west of the upper Hudson River. A number of lesser tribes inhabited the coastal regions.

In the year following Hudson's expedition, Dutch merchants dispatched a trading vessel to the region which had been named New Netherland. The vessel returned to Holland with a profitable cargo of furs, with the result that additional voyages to New Netherland were organized. With the founding of the West India Company in 1621, the Dutch began to colonize New Netherland. The first permanent colonists arrived on the "New Netherland" in May 1624. More settlers arrived in 1625, and the next year Peter Minuit, the first director general of the colony, purchased Manhattan Island from the Indians for goods valued at 60 guilders (about \$24). (At that rate, I suppose the sites of the Empire State, Woolworth, Stock Exchange, and a few more buildings of equal importance could have been had for about a nickel - Ed.)

Because the West India Company which had been granted a commercial monopoly in New Netherland by the Dutch government, was concerned chiefly with trade, colonization proceeded very slowly for more than a decade. Attempting to correct this state of affairs, the company issued in 1629 a charter of privileges and exemptions. By the terms of this charter, members of the company received the right to buy extensive tracts of land from the Indians. The grantees, who became known as patroons, were required to establish no less than fifty settlers on each tract.

So here enters Jan van Cleef as one of these patroons. The year was 1653 and he was 25 years of age.

(The above historical data, not including the reference to Jan van Cleef, are taken from the New Funk and Wagnalls Encyclopedia. The information is given in order to supply a little of the background in this new country for the situation in which our ancestor found himself. The following is quoted from the excellent genealogy, "The Van Cleave Family" by Helen Van Cleave Blankmeyer, dealing with her branch of the family which is not the same as ours, because our line comes down through Benjamin, the oldest son of Jan, while hers comes through Isabrant, a brother of Benjamin's.)





"The ancient town of Cleves or Kleve is stretched out on both sides of the Rhine, on the border separating Holland from Germany, disputed land that has often been a battleground. When in German hands, as now, it is spelled with a K; when accredited to Holland, with a C. Historically and culturally it is Holland Dutch. A county since the days of Charlemagne, it became a duchy in the fifteenth century, ruled over by the hereditary Dukes of Cleves, who acquired extensive territories.

"Dr. H. H. Pick, director of the public library of Cleves, as late as 1932, compiled a history of the Dukes of Cleves and their feudal castle, Die Schwannenburg Zu Kleves. Schwannenburg (Swan's Castle), was said to have been founded by Julius Caesar and associated with the Knights of the Swan legend, immortalized in Richard Wagner's opera, Lohengrin. Being a Rhine province, the duchy suffered much during the Second World War, its collegiate church, containing the tombs of the dukes and their families, being almost completely destroyed by bombing.

"The daughter of Duke John III, Anne of Cleves, was married to King Henry VIII of England in 1540." (The article on Henry VIII in Funk and Wagnalls advises: "A marriage was arranged in 1540 with Anne of Cleves in order to form a tie between England and the Protestant princes of Germany. Because she was ugly, Henry divorced her after several months."Ed.) "Thomas Cromwell who promoted the match, was beheaded. The artist Holbein, who painted several pictures of Anne, and who accompanied her to England, was her true friend, and knowing the ways of the court better than she, protected her from many embarrassments."

"According to an old chart owned by Paul Van Cleve of Big Timber, Montana, the father of Jan van Cleef was one of the claimants of the ducal throne of Cleves, when it was left vacant by the death of Duke William in 1609. By the treaty of Hanten, 1614, it was assigned to Sigismund, Elector of Brandenburg. A long dynastic quarrel ensued and the succession was disputed until 1666 when the Treaty of Cleves confirmed the decision of 1614. Long before the quarrel was settled, the father of Jan had very sensibly taken up his abode in Amsterdam, whence Jan (born in 1628) emigrated to New Utrecht, Long Island, in 1653."

Note: According to Paul Ledyard Van Cleve IV, whom I have come to know in connection with this story of our family, the chart referred to in above paragraph is no longer in existence. It may have been burned at the time of a disastrous fire at the Van Cleve ranch some years ago. Ed.

"As he had family prestige and some money, Jan became a patroon (pronounced putroon'), an employer and land owner, who exercised manorial rights in colonial times. To encourage emigration and trade, the Dutch West India Company in 1629 began its policy of granting large estates - sixteen miles along navigable waters or eight miles on each of the two shores of a river, and extending 'as far back as it proved convenient' - to members of the company who would agree to establish settlements of fifty persons within four years.





"The patroons were granted many privileges, feudal in nature; the right to hold land in perpetual grant, to administer civil and criminal courts, and to appoint local officers. Settlers were exempt from public taxes for a decade, but were specifically required to pay the patroons in money, goods, or services. The system worked so well, at least for the landlords, that the English continued it when New Netherlands came under their rule in 1664, and it lasted until 1775.

"Having established his colony on the Long Island waterfront, Jan built a home in New Utrecht and married himself a wife. Thus the family line begins."

Note: New Utrecht, now a part of Brooklyn, was named by the Dutch immigrants for their native city, Utrecht, a famous old city 23 miles from Amsterdam. Ed.

Mrs. Blankmeyer continues:

"Jan married Angeltie Laurens, daughter of Laurens Pietersie. They had twelve children. The family belonged to the Dutch Reformed Church in New Utrecht, and Jan was a member of the church board or vestry. Existing records show that he did some farming in Gravesend and Flatbush (both now part of Brooklyn). He figures in several conveyances of land: On December 23, 1662 he bought Albertse Terhune's patent of 24 morgans (about 50 acres) which he later sold to Balthazar De Vos. In 1677 he bought Arie Willem's pasture and lots 6, 7, 13, and 14 at Yellow Hock (Bay Ridge.) Jan was constable of New Utrecht in 1678, and was still living there in 1694 when, according to the record of wills in the surrogate's office in New York City, (vol. 5, p. 6) he took inventory of the estate of Jaques Cortelyou.

"That first little Dutch Reformed Church, which the Van Cleves attended, would now be well over three hundred years old. In 1908 the congregation built a new one but retained in the structure some materials from the first small building."

Note: The above account of land transfers is quoted from Tunis G. Bergen's "Register of Early Settlers of Kings County," which also states that he took the oath of allegiance in New Utrecht in 1687. Ed.

Murray Edward Poole, in his "History of Jan Van Cleef", says "He was a delegate from Bushwick Colony to the Representative Convention in New Amsterdam, April 10, 1664, to send delegates to Holland to represent to the States General and the West Indies Company the depressed state of the country. In consequence of his (Jan's) old age the heirs of Nichols De Meyer agreed that Jan should occupy during life a farm which their father had bought of him. A few of his descendants reside in New Utrecht and Gravesend, L. I., N. Y. but most of them removed to New Jersey." Poole's history is dated 1909. Ed.

Bergen says that the girl Jan married was Engeltie Louwrens, daughter of Louwrens Pieterse. The book, "Scandinavian Immigrants in New York", has this to say: "Laurens Pieterse of Tonsberg, Norway





"came to New Amsterdam in 1639. He married Anetie Pieters of Brunstein, Germany, August 18, 1641. Their daughter married Jan van Cleef. So, no matter what intermingling of racial strains have, during the last three hundred years, affected our blood streams, the children of Jan (1) certainly started out partly Norwegian and partly German as well as Dutch.

#### Religious Background

In view of what has been said about the van Cleefs as members of the Dutch Reformed Church, it might be well to quote the following from the new Funk and Wagnalls Encyclopedia on that church:

"The Reformed Church in America, a body of Christians in the United States composed of settlers from Holland, but intermixed with elements from other sources. Until 1867 it was known as the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church in North America. The history of the church begins with that of the Reformation in the Netherlands, where the movement met with hearty welcome.

"In doctrine the Reformed Church in America has always adhered to the standards adopted in Holland. Its form of government is of the so-called Presbyterian type, first proposed by Calvin, and was adopted in 1568."

As the Presbyterian church has also been strongly influenced by the doctrines of Calvin, it is probably not strange that so many of the Van Cleves should have been Presbyterians.





Quotations from  
Elizabeth B. Satterthwaite's "VAN CLEVE NOTES"

Some interesting sidelights on Jan Van Cleef and his times have been supplied for this story by Miss Kate Van Cleve (8) of Brookline, Mass., great granddaughter of Dr. John (5) of Princeton, and form a part of "VAN CLEVE NOTES" by Elizabeth B. Satterthwaite:

"From Vol. 1 of New York Colonial Documents, page 370, under 'Holland Documents', we read, 'From the Royal Archives at Hague, we have information relative to taking of land in New Netherland, in form of colonies or private boweries, delivered by Secretary Van Tieuhoven on 4th of March, 1650.

"In selecting settlers it is advised to select 'industrious people', conversant with working and cultivation of land and possessing a knowledge of cattle. It would be well to add some highland boors, from Veluwe, Gulick, Cleef and Berg." (Dict. gives "boors" - Dutch or German peasants. Ed.)

"Inhabitants from the Province Cleef are recommended by the Holland government as emigrants to New Netherland.

"From George Beekman's 'Early Settlers of Monmouth County, N. J.', page 65, 'Jan Van Cleef came from Holland in 1653 and settled in Utrecht in 1659.'

"In Court Minutes of New Amsterdam, Vol. 1, page 287, 'Monday, 22 Feb. 1655 at City Hall - Case in which Garret Van Neut and Jan Van Cleef are plaintiffs'.

"Vol. 3, page 230 and 234, 'Court Minutes of New Amsterdam' Oct. 19 and Oct. 26, 1660, Jan. Van Cleef appears on the Minutes, and again March 1662. Vol. 4, page 139 - Minutes of Oct. 3, 1662, 'Jan Van Cleef has share in a horse mill.'

V "From 'Colonial Documents of New York', under Long Island and Manhattan, Vol 14, page 536 and 537 - Oct. 9, 1663, 'In presence of Director General, Report was given by Jan Van Cleef about conditions at Utrecht, and a letter was given him to convey to the people of Utrecht.'

J "In Stiles History of Brooklyn, Vol. 2, page 337 - 'In the General Assembly, convened April 1664, Jan Van Cleef and Gysbert Tunison represented town in said assembly.'

"From an affidavit of Jan Van Cleef and others we have his correct birth date. He certified, Feb. 1664, that he was 36 years of age. This makes his birth date 1628.

J "New York Colonial Documents, Vol. 2, page 480 - 'Holland Documents, 1657-1672.' Remonstrances of Delegates from the Dutch towns on Long Island, Viz: Amesfoort, Breuckelen, Utrecht, and Boswyck to the Director General and Council. 'Before me, Pelgrom Clocq, by the Right Honorable the Director General and Council, admitted a Notary Public, residing in the village of Midwout in New Netherlands, appeared - Jacob Hellakens,



"aged 52 years; Christian Anthonys, aged 42 years; Jan Van Deventer, aged 33 years; Jan Van Cleef, aged 36 years, and Treyntj Cleaf, a pregnant woman, aged 46, wife of Rut Joosten, all inhabitants of the village of New Utrecht, who hereby declare and testify on their troth in favor and for the ends of Justice.

Signed Feb. 14, 1664

John Cleef V. and others."





## The Family Begins

With the historical and religious background of our immigrant out of the way, it seems best to go ahead with the "begat" part of the story, the part which deals with pedigrees of the family, and which is really genealogy, by dictionary definition. First let me say something of my sources of information, referred to above:

(1) "Genealogy of Early Settlers of Trenton and Ewing" by Rev. Eli F. Cooley, published in 1883. He is not considered so accurate as some of the others. This is the book I found in the Princeton college library, as referred to above.

(2) "Register of the Early Settlers of Kings County" by Teunis G. Bergen, published in 1881.

(3) "History of Jan Van Cleef of New Utrecht, L. I., N. Y., and of some of his descendants" by Murray Edward Poole, published in 1909. This is thought to be the most comprehensive.

Cooley starts out with "Hans (1), pronounced Honce, a contraction, as is also Jan (Yon), for Johannes, the Latin of John." He does say, "He settled at a very early period in New Utrecht, L. I., of which he was one of the patentees, his name being mentioned in a grant by Governor Dugan in 1686." He does give him credit for one son, Benjamin, saying, "Benjamin Van Cleef of Freehold was, with scarcely a doubt, a son of his who came over from Long Island, with many other Hollanders, to Monmouth County about 1700." (It is fortunate for us that Jan had at least this son, for it is on him we pin our faith, and without him we might have had no ancestor - Ed.)

Although we seem to have gotten by Cooley by a split hair, we did much better with Bergen and Poole who give Jan's children as follows:

### Children of Jan (1)

(Bergen)

(Poole)

Catherine bp. Oct. 23, 1681  
Benjamin of N. J. bp. Nov. 25,  
1683

Joseph bp. Nov. 25, 1683  
Angelica m. John Emans of  
Graves End

Ceytie bp. May 13, 1688  
Isbrant of N. J.

Nelke m. Jan Van Meteren of N.J.  
Cornelius of N. J.

Rebecca m. Andrew Emans of  
Gravesend

Catherine b. Oct. 23, 1681  
Benjamin b. Nov. 25, 1683

Joseph b. Nov. 25, 1663  
Angelica m. Mar. 4, 1701,  
John Emans of Graves End  
Cynthia b. May 13, 1688  
Isbrant resided in N. J., m.  
Jane Vanderbilt

Nellie m. Jan Van Meteren  
Cornelius of N. J. m. Phebe  
Vanderwater - 2 children

Rebecca m. Andrew Emans  
Richard, Comd. Lieut. Sept. 10,  
1684

John, Lieut. Kings County 1728  
Lawrence, soldier Capt. Thos.  
Stillwell's Co., Kings County,  
1715

Note: Bergen records in regard to  
Jan (1) and Benjamin (2) "Made  
his mark to documents".





In comparing these two lists of children of Jan and Engeltie, it will be noticed that Bergen has Joseph baptized November 25, 1683 while Poole has him born on the same date in 1663. Which is more likely to be right? The reference to the book, "Scandinavian Immigrants in New York" indicated that Engeltie's parents were married in 1641 so she could have been the mother of Joseph in 1663. It will also be noticed that Richard was commissioned a lieutenant in 1684 and it would seem as though he should have been born about 1664. It will be noted also that Cynthia (Ceytie) was born in 1688 when her mother would have been about 46. Her father was 60 that year. All this is probably quite possible and it looks as though 1663 is probably the birth year for Joseph. Poole says Jan was married "prior to 1661" to Angelica Lawrence, while Bergen says they were married "prior to March 10, 1681".

As stated above, Mrs. Blankmeyer claims Isbrant (Isabrant) as her ancestor. She says he was born in 1775 and that his first son, Aaron "Immediately catches our interest because of a bit of carelessness on his part. He slipped an 'a' into his surname, making it Van Cleave, so whenever you meet members of our family who use that spelling, you know that they, like ourselves, descend from Captain Aaron, not from any of his brothers."

Without more preliminaries, we can now start our line:

Jan (1) b. in Holland, 1628. Came to America 1653.

Benjamin (2), son of Jan (1), b. 1683, d. 1747

Cooley says of Benjamin: Married Hendricke Sutphen, died 1747, date of recorded will, leaving property to his sons, John (3), Benjamin, Richard and three daughters. Bergen and Poole won't let him get away with that.

Bergen says: m. 1st Hank or Hendrickje Sutphen; 2nd \_\_\_\_\_. Left New Utrecht and settled in Monmouth County, N. J. as early as 1707.

Poole says: m. 1st, as early as 1711, Henrietta Sutphen. Married a second time. He resided as early as 1707 in Montmouth County, N. J. His first wife was a member of the church in that county in 1711. Residence Freehold, N. J.

#### Children of Benjamin (2)

(Bergen)

(Poole)

✓ Lysbeth, bp. May 19, 1705  
m. William Cowenhoven of N. J.  
✓ Johannes of N. J. bp. June 3, 1711  
m. 1st Maria Koffert, 2nd,  
✓ Sarah Cowenhoven  
Derick of N. J., bp. May 3, 1711  
✓ Marike, bp. Oct. 6, 1715,  
✓ m. Jan Berkan  
✓ Derk of N. J., bp. Dec. 21, 1718  
m. Elizabeth Leck

Elizabeth, b. May 13, 1705  
John, m. 1st Maria Hoffert,  
2nd Sarah Cowenhoven  
Richard, b. May 3, 1713, d. young  
Mary, b. Oct. 6, 1715,  
m. John Berkan  
Richard, b. Dec. 21, 1718  
m. Elizabeth Leck





Children of Benjamin (2) cont'd.

(Bergen)

(Poole)

✓ Benjamin of N. J., bp. Dec. 3, 1721, m. ✓ Helen Cowenhoven, bp. at Freehold	Benjamin, b. Dec. 3, 1721 m. Helen Cowenhoven 7/2/41
✓ Nelke	Nellie, m. Henry Vanderbilt
✓ Laurens of N. J., m. ✓ Jannetie Laan	Lawrence
✓ Helena, m. John Brower of N. J.	Helena, m. John Brown
✓ (sup) Joseph of N. J. m. Sytie	
✓ Van Sicklen	
✓ (sup) Elsie, M. Wm. Beyrt of N.J.	Alice, m. William Bayet
✓ (sup) Antje, m. _____ Wilson of N. J.	Annie, m. John Wilson

There seems to be no record of any business activity for Benjamin. The three sources agree that he married Hendrickje Sutphen, and Bergen and Poole seem to both agree that he had a second wife, but omit her name. They also agree that he had twelve children. He seems not to have lived in vain.

My son, Allen Seymour (9), discovered the following item in connection with his research, referred to above:

"Dirk Jansen van Sutphen of New Netherlands married in 1680 Elizabeth (Lysbeth) van Nuys, daughter of Ancke Jansen van Nuys. Children: Hendrickje of New Utrecht, L. I., baptized Dec. 18, 1681. She married (1) Peter Tierke and (2) Benjamin van Cleef, son of Jan van Cleef and Engeltje Pieterse. He was baptized Nov. 25, 1682." (It will be noted that this last date is one year earlier than Bergen and Poole have it, although Poole has him as born Nov. 25, 1683. Ed.)

Johannes (3) of N. J., b. 1700, d. 1772

John (3), son of Benjamin (2), baptized June 3, 1711, according to Bergen. From his gravestone in the Lawrence, N. J. cemetery, he was born in 1700. (See copy of his epitaph on page 27.) As I write these notes I can see that there might be some doubt as to the paternity of John (3) for, if above paragraph is correct, and if the dates on his tombstone are correct, his mother was about nineteen at the date of his baptism (or birth), and she had had a previous husband, Peter Tiercke. However, the name on his tombstone is John Van Cleave, not Tiercke, and we shall let the matter rest at that.

As to the girl whom John (3) married, Poole has it (1st) Maria Hoffert, (2nd) Sarah Cowenhoven, and Bergen agrees except that he gives the name of the first as Maria Koffert. Cooley gives it as (1st) Sarah Cowenhoven, (2nd) Neeltic (Nellie or Cornelia), daughter of Chreynjans Van Marter. In view of the testimony of the gravestones, and the fact that the one beside John's is that of "Cornelia Van Cleve, the wife of John Ven Cleve", I agree with my young cousin, Paul Ledyard Van Cleve IV, who has done extensive work on his genealogy, that John (3) must have been married three times. By reference to her gravestone it will be noted that Cornelia died in 1782 in the 78th year of her age, so she was born in 1704. It seems too bad that they really did not know how to spell their name.





For the children of John (3) I have had to depend on the record given by Cooley. Bergen and Poole carry our line no further than the third generation. His children are given as: Chreinyonce, Benjamin, Aaron (4), Joseph, Eleanor, Jane and Anna, only seven - a poor showing as compared to parents and grandparents who had them by the dozen. I find in the record no special distinction for Aaron (4). He probably could have taken some credit for his son, Dr. John (5) of Princeton, a dedicated doctor and churchman, if not for his notable grandson, General Horatio Phillips. The record has it that Aaron's next older brother, Benjamin, lived in Lawrence and rose to distinction. He commanded a company in the Battle of Long Island and was promoted to major of the First Regiment of Hunterdon County in 1777. It is hard to believe that Aaron did not also play a part in the Revolution as he was only 32 at the outbreak of the war, three years younger than Benjamin.

Aaron (4), son of John (3), b. 1743, d. 1810

Cooley says Aaron, son of John, died in 1810, aged 69. His tombstone has it that he died in 1810, aged 66 years, 7 months and 15 days (making him born August 17, 1743.) He married Hannah, daughter of Jacob Carle. She died in 1803. Her tombstone is in agreement. Their children were: Elizabeth, wife of Caleb Smith Green, John (5), Jacob, Israel who died in 1803, aged 20, and Cornelia, wife of the Rev. Selah Woodhull. A son of Caleb and Elizabeth Green was John Van Cleve Green, who became known as John C. Green. He became a very successful importer of foreign teas and spices and was a benefactor of Princeton University (formerly the College of New Jersey). The John C. Green School of Science building was named in his honor. (Note: When the editor was located in Princeton on the engineering job, mentioned above, his office was in this building.)

The Woodhull grave in the Princeton Cemetery is next to that of Dr. John Van Cleve. Schuyler C. Woodhull and his family, descendants of Rev. Selah Woodhull (above) lived for some time here in Minneapolis. They were members of Westminster Presbyterian Church.

Dr. John (5), son of Aaron (4), b. 1778, d. 1826

On the fifth and succeeding generations there is of course more information than on the earlier ones. Cooley's story on Dr. John (5) and his immediate descendants is as follows:

"Dr. John (5), son of Aaron (4), was a graduate of Princeton College, for a time filled the chair of chemistry in it, and was also a member of the board of trustees of Princeton from 1810 until his death in 1826. He was both an elder and a trustee of the First Presbyterian Church of Princeton, was an eminent physician, and won, by a union of skill with exalted Christian character, the confidence of the community. His children by Ann, daughter of William C. Houston, were Churchill Houston, Horatio Phillips (6), Mary Ann, wife of Mr. Gibbs, professor of oriental literature in Yale College; Louisa, wife of Camillus C. Daveiss of the United States Army, from Kentucky, by whom she had Richard Montgomery, Mary Houston and another; John W.; and Margaret Fox, wife of Prof. Johnson of New York University".





(See on following pages the quotation from "Princeton and Its Institutes" by Hageman as well as that from the manuscript of Mrs. Charlotte O. Van Cleve, both dealing with Dr. John (5).

The manuscript just referred to, written by my grandmother, Charlotte, and supposedly the life of her husband, of course includes their common life. In addition to the reference to Dr. John, she says: "The three brothers, Houston, Horatio and John, attended the Preparatory Classical School in Lawrenceville, near Princeton, of which their uncle, by marriage, Rev. Isaac V. Brown, was the principal and founder. This was quite a famous school, and many students who became eminent in the learned professions, were prepared there for entering college." She speaks of the three boys as riding horseback to "Uncle Brown's". (It is 5 miles from Princeton. Ed.) She also says, "Horatio entered the sophomore class at Princeton at the early age of fourteen."

On Churchill Houston (named for his mother's father, William Churchill Houston, but always called "Houston" by his family), Cooley has this to say, "He was graduated by the College of New Jersey, removed to Ypsilanti, Michigan, where he practiced his profession of law. He married, first, Elizabeth A. Brown who died in 1836, leaving one son, John Archer; second, Ann McKinstry, by whom he had Margaret Fox; Charles, and James Augustus."

Again referring to the manuscript, Grandmother says: "In 1827, after the customary examination, the name of Horatio Phillips Van Cleve appeared on the roll of cadets at the West Point Military Academy, and very soon after this appointment his beloved parents died within a few months of each other." Horatio continued school, however, and she goes on, "In 1831, having graduated with honor from the military academy, he received a commission of Brevet 2nd Lieutenant in the 5th Regiment of Infantry, and was assigned to Fort Winnebago, Wisconsin Territory, where several companies of the regiment were at that time stationed."

From a set of letters which I have here, it is plain that the young men at this military post among the Indians were lonely for home and friends, from whom they could hear only at very irregular intervals. The letters from Grandfather are mostly to his sister, Louisa, who must have been a kindred spirit, for she is the one who writes most often. Even so, he is very unhappy at time because, while he writes very often, the family at home does not answer often enough to suit him. In this state of feeling deserted he becomes a friend of another young 2nd lieutenant, Camillus Daveiss, and one night, while Horatio is getting ready to write Louisa, Camillus suggests that he write to her (whom he has never seen) and that Horatio write Camillus' sister. This was the beginning of something, but let Grandmother tell it:

"These records would not be complete without the story of the way in which Lieutenant Daveiss came into the Van Cleve family. His full name was Camillus Cecil Daveiss. He was born in Kentucky, near Danville, and had entered West Point one year ahead of Cadet Van Cleve. These two young men, although entirely dissimilar in many respects, became devotedly attached to each other. The warm hearted Kentuckian declared his intention of winning, if possible, the heart of his friend's sister. He had never seen her but felt assured that she was the one woman he wanted for a wife."





Finally he gets a chance to go to the town where Louisa is, and Horatio writes her in advance, asking her to be kind to him for her brother's sake. She was. How much her brother figured in the kindness, the record hath it not.

About ten years after this, Camillus and Louisa Daveiss were running a farm in Missouri and he contracted tuberculosis and went back to his parents' home in Kentucky for treatment. The condition was found to be hopeless and Horatio went there to see him and promised him that he would look after his wife and children. The nature of the friendship of these two men is attested to by the fact that Horatio and Charlotte, who had become well established in operating a preparatory school in Cincinnati, gave it up and moved to Daveiss Prairie, Missouri, to take care of his sister, the widow of his friend, and her children. Of course the fact that Louisa was his beloved sister also played its part in the decision, but I think they would have done it anyway,

But let us return to a lonely young 2nd lieutenant at Fort Winnebago and see how he got over his loneliness. Major Nathan Clark was also a part of the 5th Regiment of Infantry, some companies of which were at Fort Winnebago, and he, after being in command of a fort at Green Bay, Wisconsin Territory, was ordered to join his regiment at Fort Winnebago. His family were in Cincinnati, where the children were in school, but it was decided that good accommodations could be found for them at the fort and so they moved the family there. Grandmother, who was one of those children says: "I had many dear friends among my schoolmates and parting with them was sad for them and for myself, but one of them, on bidding me good-bye, said to me, by way of relief to our feelings, 'Well, I suppose we shall hear of you soon as engaged to one of those officers up there'. It seemed a ridiculous thing to say to a child thirteen years old, but it served to soften the pain of parting, and a hearty laugh was good for us just then".

She tells of the long trip by wagon from Cincinnati to Fort Winnebago and tells of their arrival at the fort "just at guard mounting", and goes on to say, "In the center of the parade stood the adjutant who had just wheeled about to salute the officer of the day with the customary report, 'The guard is formed, sir'. What put into my head my schoolmate's foolish prophecy, I shall never know, but there arose for an instant in my mind the thought, 'I wonder if that is the man I am to marry'." At this point she left with her father for the temporary quarters provided for them, and as they went up the steps, she said to him, "What is the name of the adjutant, Father?" to which he replied, "That is Lieutenant Van Cleve."

This must have been late in 1832 or early in 1833. She was fourteen in the latter. The school girl curiosity must have soon been followed by meeting the lieutenant and getting to know him for, on February 19, 1834, he writes to his sister, Margaret, "My sisters have always been very dear to me and they will always find a capacious and well furnished room reserved for them in my heart, however it may be occupied by others. Within the past year, one has taken a large set of apartments there, but she does not encroach upon yours in the least. The greatest favor you could bestow upon me would be to prepare an apartment for her in your heart, of





"the same size as the one you keep for me, and right by the side of it." He does go as far as to say that her name is Charlotte.

So I take it that, from here on, the lieutenant was not so lonely, and the passing curiosity of the school girl became something much more enduring. They were married at Fort Winnebago, Michigan Territory, March 22, 1836, just before she was seventeen. Her lieutenant was twenty-seven.

Their story is quite completely given in the pages devoted to them later on in these notes, but I should like to add here a few recollections of them:

I remember Grandfather as a very kindly, modest old gentleman with a bald head and long white beard. When we had, at our home, the diseases of childhood (measles, or scarlet fever, or what have you) he often came to the house, a block from his, and, disregarding the contagion sign on the door, would come in to cheer our mother, saying he was the "Spiritual Adviser", one of the few "Keep out" exceptions noted on the placard tacked to the door. I remember his taking one of the smaller children on his knee and singing, "Rigga-jig-jig and away we go", at which the youngster would be bounced to quite a height with much laughing. He was a very much interested and devoted member of Andrew Presbyterian Church of which he was for a long time clerk of the Session. He laid the cornerstone of the new church in 1890, and the first service, which followed soon afterward, was his funeral service. In the early years of the Van Cleves' connection with the church, when it occupied a very small building without much equipment, Session meetings were usually held in the Van Cleve parlor. Grandfather's death was in 1891. The bearers of his funeral service were five of his sons and the oldest grandson, George.

Of course I remember Grandmother very well, for she lived until my senior year in college, 1907. When my brother and sisters and I were youngsters, we were often at the old house on Fifth Street, Southeast, where our grandparents lived so long. The house was built in 1858, and bought three years later while Grandfather was in the war in the south. Here we often had Thanksgiving dinners; Grandfather at one end of the long table and Grandmother at the other, with a lot of sons and daughters-in-law and grandchildren in between. Grandmother was very deaf, and the tin ear trumpet was not very effective, so she was a good deal isolated when others were doing the talking. She told us many stories of her life at Fort Snelling, some of which are told in her "Three Score Years and Ten".

During the last years of her life she discarded the tin ear trumpet and got one composed of a long flexible tube with an ear piece on one end and a funnel-shaped piece at the other, the speaker's end. Both ends were made of hard rubber. She had a way of dropping the speaker's end onto the floor. At one of these drops it broke, and she was at a loss to know how it could be repaired. It happened that I was taking a course in pattern-shop work at the university, at the time, and I volunteered to make her a wooden replacing piece, using one of the shop lathes. When I brought it home, painted black like the original, she thought that a near miracle had been performed. I suppose the miracle, to her, was that her grandson had done it.





Grandmother and Grandfather were sincere, devout Christians, not only by precept but by the lives they lived. They truly loved God with all their hearts. We can all be proud to be parts of their family.

John Woodhull (6), the fifth child of Dr. John (5)

Cooley gives his record thus: "Married Julia Hunter of New York. They have children: William Hunter; Mary Louisa; Alfred Augustus; John Woodhull; Julia Antoinette; Charles Eugene; and Frank Houston. He resides in Ypsilanti, Mich."

In genealogical correspondence over the years, Kate Van Cleve (8) of Brookline, Mass. and I have written each other at some length about our ancestors. She has done very considerable work on the family genealogy and has furnished valuable material. She is the daughter of Alfred Augustus (7) and is of course of generation 8. She furnished me the material quoted above, from Elizabeth Satterthwaite's "Van Cleve Notes", which has helped to fill out that part of the story.

As stated above, Mary Ann, daughter of Dr. John (5), married Professor J. W. Gibbs of Yale College. In Grandmother's manuscript, often quoted above, she tells of the marriage of her daughter, Anna Houston, "at the home of her uncle Professor J. W. Gibbs". A son of J. W. and Mary Ann Gibbs was the scientist, Josiah Willard Gibbs, always known as J. Willard Gibbs. The Funk and Wagnalls encyclopedia says of him (b. 1839, d. 1903) "American mathematical physicist, born in New Haven, Conn. He was professor of mathematical physics at Yale from 1871 until his death. In the years 1876 to 1878 Gibbs wrote a series of treatises, collectively entitled, 'On the Equilibrium of Heterogeneous Substances' considered one of the greatest achievements in physical sciences in the 19th century. He also did outstanding work in statistical mechanics, in vector analysis, and in the electromagnetic theory of light. Gibbs' 'Scientific Papers' and 'Collected Works' were published posthumously."

Here was a really famous man and we can be proud here too.

Margaret Fox (6), daughter of John (5) is the last of his children mentioned by Cooley. Although most of the letters from Horatio (6), written at Fort Winnebago, are to Louisa, a good number are to Margaret. He writes several letters on her school work, encouraging her. Several years ago I received from Alfred Van Cleve Dasburg the set of letters between Grandfather at Fort Winnebago, and his sisters who were, most of the time, at their home in Princeton. He is the great grandson of Margaret Fox Van Cleve and her husband, Professor Johnson of New York University. He lives in Rochester, N. Y. with his nice family of wife and three daughters. Perhaps it is presumptuous of me to describe them, but we have exchanged Christmas cards which, in his case, have included pictures of his family.

Except for the detailed information which follows, this carries the family through Generation 6 which ended with

Horatio Phillips (6), son of Dr. John (5)  
b. 1809, d. 1891





Those of Generation (7), all of whom have died, and succeeding generations will be covered in the rather extensive notes to follow.

### TOMBSTONES

IN MEMORY OF  
JOHN VAN CLEAVE  
WHO DIED  
NOV. 6th 1772  
AGED 72 YEARS

HERE  
LIETH THE BODY OF  
CORNELIA VAN CLEVE  
THE WIFE OF  
JOHN VEN CLEVE  
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE  
THE 4th DAY OF AUGUST  
1782  
IN THE 78th YEAR OF HER  
AGE

Generation 3

IN  
MEMORY OF  
AARON VAN CLEVE  
WHO DIED APR. 1, 1810  
AGED 66 YEARS 7 MONTHS  
AND 15 DAYS

IN  
MEMORY  
OF  
HANNAH VAN CLEVE  
WIFE OF  
AARON VAN CLEVE  
WHO DIED JUL. 4th 1803  
AGED 52 YEARS 3 MONTHS AND  
10 DAYS

Generation 4

Above stones were inspected by the writer in the old burying ground at Lawrence (formerly Lawrenceville), New Jersey, in the spring of 1919. The spelling and arrangement are just as they appeared on the stones. It will be noted that, while the stone at upper left has the name Van Cleave, all the rest have it "Cleve". It would appear that the "Ven" on Cornelia's grave is a mistake of the stone cutter's.



and published the same information to the public in 1971. The purpose of this report is to provide a summary of the information contained in the report and to provide a summary of the information contained in the report.

# Summary

1. Introduction

The purpose of this report is to provide a summary of the information contained in the report and to provide a summary of the information contained in the report.

The purpose of this report is to provide a summary of the information contained in the report and to provide a summary of the information contained in the report.

2. Methodology

The purpose of this report is to provide a summary of the information contained in the report and to provide a summary of the information contained in the report.

The purpose of this report is to provide a summary of the information contained in the report and to provide a summary of the information contained in the report.

The purpose of this report is to provide a summary of the information contained in the report and to provide a summary of the information contained in the report.

The epitaph below of Dr. John Van Cleve and his wife, Louisa, was copied from their tombstone in Princeton Cemetery on January 5, 1919. The arrangement and spelling are just as there given. They are of Generation 5. This grave stone is flat and horizontal, about a foot above the ground level. The lettering was disappearing at the time the writer was there. Some letters would hardly be readable except for the dust collected in the small depressions. Both husband and wife are in the same grave.

IN MEMORY OF  
JOHN VAN CLEVE, M.D.  
WHO DIED DEC. 24th, 1826  
AGED 48 YEARS

HE WAS AN ATTENTIVE AND SKILFUL PHYSICIAN, AND A KIND AND SYMPATHIZING FRIEND. AS AN ELDER OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THIS PLACE, A TRUSTEE OF THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY, A PARENT AND A CITIZEN, HE PERFORMED FAITHFULLY THE DUTIES WHICH DEVOLVED UPON HIM AND DIED IN THE FAITH OF THAT GOSPEL THE INFLUENCE OF WHICH HE CONSTANTLY DISPLAYED, DEEPLY REGRETTED BY A NUMEROUS CIRCLE OF FRIENDS TO WHOM HIS MANY EXCELLENCIES ENDEARED HIM.

AND OF HIS WIFE  
LOUISA ANNA VAN CLEVE  
WHO DIED JULY 24th 1827  
AGED 45 YEARS

SHE WAS FAITHFUL AND AFFECTIONATE AS A WIFE AND PARENT, A SYMPATHIZING FRIEND AND A SINCERE AND ENLIGHTENED CHRISTIAN



These stones were also inspected in the Lawrence, N. J. cemetery in 1919. They have not been identified as directly connected with our family line.

IN  
MEMORY OF  
PHILLIPS VAN CLEVE  
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE  
FEB. 12, 1843  
IN THE 86th YEAR  
OF HIS AGE  
(Born 1757)

SACRED  
TO THE MEMORY OF  
ELIZABETH  
WIFE OF  
PHILLIPS VAN CLEVE  
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE  
APRIL 30th 1836  
AGED 58 YEARS (Born 1777)  
10 MONTHS AND  
11 DAYS

TO  
THE MEMORY OF  
GEORGE R. VAN CLEVE  
MAY 21st 1871  
AGED 57 YEARS  
(Born 1814)

OUR MOTHER  
MATILDA C.  
WIFE OF  
GEORGE R. VAN CLEVE  
BORN DEC. 9, 1823  
DIED JUL. 7, 1876  
TRULY MY SOUL WAITETH UPON GOD  
FROM HIM COMETH MY SALVATION

IN  
MEMORY OF  
SAMUEL H. VAN CLEVE  
WHO DEPARTED THIS  
LIFE  
SEPT. 20th 1845  
IN THE 36th YEAR  
OF HIS LIFE  
(Born 1809)

EDWARD S. VAN CLEVE  
1838-1909  
HIS WIFE GAY M. ROCKHILL  
1839-1868





From "Princeton and Its Institutes" by John F. Hageman

"Dr. John Van Cleve was one of the most respectable physicians of Princeton. He was a native of Maidenhead, in Hunterdon County, a few miles from Princeton. He was graduated at Nassau Hall (that is Princeton-Ed.) in the class of 1797, and practiced medicine in Princeton during his life. By his skill and high attainments in his profession, combined with an excellent Christian character, he won the confidence and respect of the community with a large practice, and retained them until his death. His residence and office were upon ground now occupied by the University Hotel in Nassau Street - the house once owned and occupied by Jonathan Deare and recently moved to Bayard Avenue. In person he was tall and slender with agreeable manners. His wife was a Miss Houston, and they had an interesting family of three sons - C. Houston, Horatio and John, and two daughters - Mary Anna (who was married to Professor Gibbs of New Haven (Yale University) and Louisa. C. Houston Van Cleve studied law and was admitted to the bar of New Jersey in 1830, but soon after moved to the west and has been dead several years. Horatio entered the army through West Point and is still living. (died 1891)

"Doctor Van Cleve was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church in Princeton from 1805 to 1826, and also a trustee from 1816 to 1823, and he filled the chair of chemistry in the absence of Dr. Maclean in 1812; and just before his death, the friends of the college had expressed a desire that he should take charge of the Medical Department, and Richard Stockton of the Law Department and give lectures therein, but the proposed establishment of these departments was not consummated.

"He was president of the New Jersey Medical Society, 1815; corresponding secretary 1810-1812; recording secretary 1820-1823; and was an active and prominent member of that association. He died December 24, 1826, aged forty-eight, and was buried in the Princeton Burying ground. His death was greatly lamented."

The following is from the manuscript of Mrs. Charlotte O. Van Cleve on the life of her husband, General Van Cleve. It has been often quoted above. It was found in the attic of the family home in Minneapolis after her death in 1907).

"John Van Cleve was a physician of note, a descendant of emigrants from Holland, who settled on Long Island in 1653. His mother, Louisa Anna Van Cleve, was the daughter of William Churchill Houston of the American Congress in the Revolutionary period, highly distinguished as a patriot, a lawyer and a statesman, and was one of the men who drew up that wonderful document, which has for years and will for all years to come, thrill the heart of every true American, the Declaration of Independence; and, but for severe illness and enforced absence from home, his name would have been appended to the list of signers of that historic paper.

"Mrs. Van Cleve (wife of above) was the great granddaughter of Rev. Jonathan Dickinson, first president of Princeton College, which institution was formally opened in 1747. He was a man of varied learning and an author of enviable distinction. He died at the age of sixty, universally lamented."





She continues:

"This highly favored family grew to maturity under the preaching of such renowned men as Dr. Alexander, Dr. Miller and others of that school of divines, and all were thoroughly indoctrinated in the tenets of the Presbyterian faith. Their mother was a woman of superior education and was a great reader and thinker, and realized fully her accountability in the training of the children committed to her care. Love was the governing principle and proved here, as everywhere, that it is stronger than fear.

"Horatio has told me how he loved to take her hand and go with her to weekly prayer meeting and to the Monthly Concert of prayer for missions, and these habits, formed in his childhood, grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. Never, during his long life, did he absent himself from these meetings for prayer and conference unless unavoidably detained. It was an unfailing rule with him, as long as he lived, to lay by his contribution for the Monthly Concert, for he had been trained to consider it a privilege to give for the support of the Gospel and the extension of Christ's kingdom on earth.

"A tenth of his income, slender as it was during a large part of his life, was conscientiously set apart as the Lord's money which he felt he had no more right to use for his own needs, than money belonging to his neighbor. From this consecrated fund he drew his regular contributions to the work of the church, and his gifts to benevolent objects. I remember his saying to me one day, 'I have been looking over my accounts and find that I am in debt to the Lord five dollars. I would like to have you take it to the treasurer of the Sisterhood of Bethany, as I know they need it to carry on this work which they are doing for Christ's sake.'

"Some day his children will be looking over his diaries and private account books, and will find entries like this, 'Rec'd. \$50.00,' and in the same line, under the heading 'Tithes', will read, '\$5.00', and it may be they will then realize how it was that he always gave to charity more liberally than many whose incomes were much larger than his."





## GENERAL HORATIO PHILLIPS VAN CLEVE (6)

(Copied from Minnesota Volume of the United States  
Biographical Dictionary - published 1879)

"Horatio Phillips Van Cleve, Adjutant-General of Minnesota, was born in Princeton, New Jersey, on November 23, 1809. His parents were John Van Cleve, a physician, and Louisa Anna, nee Houston. His paternal ancestors were from Holland, while the maternal were from Great Britain. His mother's father was a member of the Continental Congress just previous to the Revolution. Horatio was a student at Princeton college, and left that institution to accept a cadetship at West Point, at which school he was graduated in 1831, receiving a second lieutenant's commission in the 5th United States Infantry on the 1st of July of that year. On the 11th of September, 1836, he resigned his commission and removed to Michigan, where he engaged in the more peaceful pursuits of civil engineering, farming, etc., until November 1856, when he removed to and settled at Long Prairie, Minnesota where he engaged in stock raising.

"At the commencement of the 'War of the Rebellion' in 1861 he tendered his services to his country, and the governor of Minnesota gave him the command of the 2nd Minnesota regiment on July 22nd of that year. He reported for duty with his regiment, to General W. T. Sherman, at Louisville, Kentucky, and in December was assigned to the command of General George H. Thomas, then at Lebanon, Kentucky. He commanded the 2nd Regiment at the battle of Mill Spring on the 19th of January 1862. After this battle he marched his regiment to Louisville, Kentucky, and accompanied General Thomas, by way of Nashville, to Pittsburg Landing. Having been promoted by President Lincoln to brigadier-general, on the 1st of March 1862, General Buell gave him command of a brigade in the division of General T.L. Crittenden whom he accompanied on the campaign before Corinth, Mississippi; through northern Alabama, at Battle Creek, Tennessee, and from there, by way of Nashville, to Louisville, Kentucky. At Louisville he took command of the division, General Crittenden being assigned to the command of a corps. General Van Cleve was with General Buell in his pursuit of Bragg's army, as far as Wild Cut, Kentucky, at which he turned and marched his division, by way of Somerset and Columbia, Kentucky, to Nashville, Tennessee. In the latter part of December he marched with General Rosecrans' army to attack the rebels under Bragg, at Murfreesborough, and was engaged with his division at the battle of Stone River on the 31st of December 1862. Here General Van Cleve was disabled by a wound and compelled to leave the field on the 1st of January 1863. Upon his recovery he resumed the command of his division. He was with the Army of the Cumberland under Rosecrans on his advance on Chattanooga, his division being on the extreme left, marching by way of McMinnsville and the Sequatchee Valley. He was engaged at Ringold, Georgia, at Gordon's Mills on the 11th and 13th of September, 1863, and at Chickamauga on the 19th and 20th of the same month; and in command at Murfreesboro, Tennessee from December 1863 until August 1865 when he was mustered out after four years of active service. On the 13th of March of the latter year he was commissioned major-general for 'gallant and meritorious service during the war'.





"He returned to Minnesota where he was appointed Adjutant General in January 1866. On the 3rd of March, 1871 he was commissioned postmaster of St. Anthony (now S. E. Minneapolis), in which capacity he served until the 31st of July, 1872 when, St. Anthony being united to the city of Minneapolis, the office was discontinued. He was reappointed Adjutant General on the 1st of March, 1876.

"In politics the general was originally a Whig, but since the formation of the Republican Party, he has given the latter his faithful support."

The above article, quoted from the United States Biographical Dictionary, goes on to tell of the marriage of the general and his wife, Charlotte, but this is covered elsewhere in these notes, and will be omitted here. Some account, however, should be given of the long period, December 1863 to August 1865, when he was in command at Murfreesboro, Tennessee. At this point I quote again from Grandmother Charlotte's manuscript, often quoted above. Ed.

"During the terrible battle of Chickamauga, his division bore itself bravely and was in the thickest of the fight. His whole command was decimated during that awful time, and his warm heart suffered inexpressible agony.... When night came and the forces rested, a fellow soldier found his general, with his arms around the neck of his faithful horse Bessie (buried in the yard of the family home in Southeast Minneapolis), mourning for his brave command, who had that day laid down their lives for the holy cause of right and justice.....

"Soon after the decided victory of our arms at Chickamauga, gained at so fearful a cost, he was put in command at Murfreesboro where a large force was maintained, that point being of great importance and requiring constant vigilance. There were several outbreaks and skirmishes in the country adjacent, but by prudent management and thorough military discipline, a reasonable degree of order and quiet was maintained... The rights of the inhabitants were respected, but all were compelled to honor the Flag of the Union.... One lady who refused to walk under its protecting folds, was confined to her house and grounds for several days, but at last yielded, promising to conform to the established order... In all lines of business the citizens were compelled to take the oath of allegiance or cease their work..."

Note: She tells of several visits to Murfreesboro during the months her husband was in command there. Ed.

"One night we were awakened by a knock at the door of our room; he arose and, receiving a report in a low voice, gave such instructions as were necessary, and as he closed the door, I asked what was the matter. He said very quietly, 'Some prisoners have been brought in and the officer who reported has received instructions for their disposal.' Nothing more was said; no further reference was made to the affair. After breakfast, however, two young ladies called at Headquarters, with well filled baskets, and said, 'General, can we be permitted to take







'these refreshments to the young men who were brought into Murfreesboro last night?' The reply was, 'The young men to whom you allude have been on the way to Johnston's Island (one of our northern prisons) for some hours now.' I can never forget the appearance of thorough discomfiture of those pretty, lady-like southern girls. I pitied them from the bottom of my heart...

"During one of my visits to Murfreesboro the joyful news of Lee's surrender flashed all over the country and we rode out to the Redoubts where the General and his staff went to give the official notice to the troops.

"Memory brings back to me the scene on that bright sunshiny day where the forces were drawn up in line to receive the news so long hoped for. I seem to see the war worn veteran on his faithful Bessie, surrounded by his staff, all waiting breathless for the supreme moment. He rides forward, removes his cap; then in clear ringing tones, I hear, 'Fellow citizens, I am here to announce to you that Lee has surrendered, and the great struggle is over'. Ah, look at those men as they bare their heads and send out their glad hurrahs, and as you look, think what it means to them - home, wife and children, rest. And as the glorious flag, with all its stars in place, waves in the breeze, the men grasp hands and shout for joy, and over all the Lord of Nations, who has crowned them with victory, looks down and blesses them.

"One memorable Sabbath morning in April (1865) the Command was assembled in the church, near headquarters, which served for a military chapel in Murfreesboro; the commanding officer's family occupied the front slip, and the house was well filled with our military. Chaplain Earnshaw had just concluded an earnest prayer when a telegram was handed to my husband. He read it, and with blanched face and trembling hand, passed it to me. I read the awful words, 'Abraham Lincoln is dead, shot by an assassin.' My heart seemed to stand still and when the terrible slip of paper was passed up to the chaplain and read aloud, with trembling, broken voice, the effect was tremendous; not a sound, no demonstration, just a heart break. It seemed as if a great thunder cloud had taken us all in, and we were groping in the dark. Mr. Earnshaw was powerless to say a word. A minister beside him made some remarks, and soon the congregation was dismissed. The whole town was stunned, the rebels were frightened, the loyal ones were stricken as those who had lost a father. The negro cabins had black streamers of some kind as a testimony of their deep love and veneration for 'Massa Linkum' who had set them free."

So much for his war record. Now let us go back to his earlier life. In the twenty years following their marriage in 1836, Grandfather Horatio's life was spent in farming, in civil engineering (mostly surveying) and, with his wife, operating preparatory schools for college entrance, mostly in Michigan for Ann Arbor College, later to become the University of Michigan. In 1856, because they were both affected by malaria, Horatio and Charlotte decided they must go west, and because of the "fame of Minnesota as a health resort" as she has it, decided to move here and picked Long Prairie as their goal. Here they spent an active life of five years at farming and cattle raising. I have recently come upon a book, "The Earth Brought Forth" by Merrill E. Jarchow, giving a history





of Minnesota Agriculture to 1885, from which I quote the following:

"H. P. Van Cleve, in a letter of March 8, 1861, from Long Prairie, wrote that the cows he reserved for family use the preceding summer furnished 650 pounds of butter, besides cheese, milk, and cream for from sixteen to eighteen persons. His butter alone paid for cutting and hauling hay for all his cattle and horses. 'A careful estimate of the value of the increase of my stock, after deducting losses, has convinced me that I have realized from my cows fifty per cent per annum, for four years', he wrote. He added that the 'losses referred to were four calves destroyed by wolves, about three years since; and during this winter one young cow drowned, and one was gored to death by another; not one by sickness or poverty.'"

But soon their life here was over. Grandmother says:

"Suddenly, like cloudburst, came that shot at Fort Sumter which went resounding all over the country, and every patriot heart was on fire. Regiments were raised in the various loyal states, and our First Minnesota went forth to take part in a struggle which it was first supposed would soon be ended. But the battle of Bull Run aroused the whole north, and there came forth from city and country, from work shop and college, volunteers who were willing and eager to risk their lives to preserve the Union. When our weekly mail brought to us the news of this disaster we were overwhelmed with various emotions; my husband walked the floor in silence. I saw he was mightily moved and said to him, 'How does this make you feel?' He replied, 'I feel that I ought to be there.' I said, 'I feel that you are right.' He had offered his services to Governor Ramsey, in case more troops were needed, and he read and reread a letter just received from the governor, and handing it to me, he said, 'How can I leave you at this crisis, with no physician, no nurse, no reliable neighbors?' I replied, 'It is a fearful trial, but God will take care of me, and never shall it be said that your wife held you back from your duty. The stage passes here day after tomorrow, and by that time all will be well with me', and kneeling side by side, we committed all our cares and anxieties to our Heavenly Father, with full assurance that he would guide and care for us. I packed his portmanteau with such things as he would need, and made such preparations for my own comfort as were necessary in the event now very near at hand. Among other arrangements I had my bedstead draped with a regulation army flag which General Abercrombie of Fort Ridgely had presented to me some months previous to the breaking out of the war, and at three o'clock on the following morning, June 25th (1861), our seventh son was born. God was very gracious to me, and in my book of daily texts, I find for that date this most appropriate one, 'The Lord stood by me and strengthened me', which expresses, better than any words of mine, the feeling of confidence in the Great Physician which kept our hearts at peace during that night of peril.

"Early in the morning of the 26th the weekly stage was to pass our place on the way to St. Paul, and some of my dear children can remember how they clustered around my bed, while the dear father read some of the precious promises from God's Word, and then kneeling





"beside me, commended us all to His keeping. God grant that none whom I love may ever endure the heartrending agony of such a parting. When the last 'Good-bye' was spoken and the beloved father had left the weeping group, I held my precious baby closer to my heart, and felt that the Everlasting Arms were about me, and that God would protect and care for us, yet with all the faith I could bring to my aid, the thought of what the future might have in store for us almost crushed me. Yet I remember well that, looking up at the Stars and Stripes, there came a thrill of patriotism which gave me courage and made me realize that I must live and do my duty unflinchingly, that my brave loyal husband might do his part to protect that flag. And God was very gracious to me. I recovered strength rapidly, and was soon able to look after home affairs and to relieve the dear father's anxiety about us. Ah, if the lives and struggles of the women left at home during those dark days of the war, could be fully written, the world would be astonished that so many survived till peace was declared and the war worn veterans came home."

Here follows a copy of letter written by H. P. Van Cleve to Governor Ramsey (see reference above), on file in the Governor's archives, Historical Society, St. Paul.

"His Excellency, Governor Ramsey,  
Sir:

Residing on the outskirts of civilization, remote from any public thoroughfare, and receiving but a weekly mail, your proclamation calling for volunteers, to assist our Government in crushing rebellion and punishing treason, reached me about the time that the full quota called for had offered.

I rejoice that my fellow citizens have been so prompt in responding to your call, and at the same time sincerely regret that, for want of information, I was not among the first to offer my services to my country in this crisis.

Believing, however, that this is but the beginning of our troubles, I am confident that I am not yet too late, and now report myself ready for duty in any capacity, subject to your orders, at a moment's warning.

I was educated at West Point, served in the army several years, and in time of peace resigned my commission, but have ever held myself in readiness to serve my country in time of trouble.

Very respectfully,  
Your most obedient servant,

(Signed) H. P. Van Cleve

(Endorsed) H. P. Van Cleve,  
Tender of services for the war,  
May 10, 1861.  
Answered June 7, '61  
Copied in letter book.







(2)



(4)



(5)



(1)



(7)



(6)



(3)

Above pictures are of Grandmother Charlotte and six of her children: Anna Houston (Nannie) 2, Elizabeth Archer 3, Horatio Seymour 4, Edward Mortimer (Mort) 5, Samuel Houston (Sam) 6, Paul Ledyard 7. Among the old family pictures is a small one of my father, marked "Mort, 1861" in grandmother's writing, which is a duplicate of the picture here given. That year he was 10 and that makes Seymour 12, Sam 8 and Paul 5. Lizzie was 14 that year. Nannie had been married 2 years before and had already died. John is not shown as he was a baby 2 that year, and Carl was a still younger baby, born that year. I conclude that Grandmother had this picture made in 1861 or 1862 to send to Grandfather who was at the seat of war. - Ed.





## LIFE AT LONG PRAIRIE, MINN.

An Experience of a Pioneer Woman  
Charlotte O. Van Cleve  
(Copied from her manuscript)

"As the country opened up (1858), we occasionally had visits from surveying parties, and soon our house became the stopping place for almost all who passed through that region, either on hunting expeditions or for prospecting for claims on which to make homes for themselves. During one summer a personal friend of ours, Dr. Reid, son of Captain Samuel C. Reid of New York City, had charge of a large surveying party, and went into camp near us. We enjoyed the companionship of these gentlemen, and when in their journeyings in the fall and winter, they came to the "Prairie", we gladly welcomed them to the shelter of our home. Out of this grows a never-to-be-forgotten experience which, at the solicitation of many friends, I record in these pages:

"At the close of a busy day, during a very cold winter, I sat in my kitchen dipping candles, and had just finished the last of twelve dozen good, genuine 'tallow dips', when there arrived at the door a party of surveyors, bringing with them one of their number whose foot had been terribly frozen. Something must be done speedily, for the whole leg was badly swollen and inflamed. After examining it thoroughly, I applied strong copperas water and made the sufferer as comfortable as possible. Then came the work of getting supper for twelve hungry men, and arranging for their lodging. After a day or two of rest, all left us but the injured man whom they committed to our care. By simple remedies, which were all we had, the inflammation in the leg was reduced, but the foot was terribly swollen and inflamed. Bread and milk poultices were applied and were changed several times through the day. At this crisis an army surgeon from Fort Ridgley, who with a friend was on a hunting expedition, stopped over night at our house and, upon examining the diseased member, said the man would lose his foot, and promised to call on his return from the hunt, and remove it. He gave me a lotion which was designed to mollify, in some measure, the sickening odor which arose from the foot when I changed the poultices, and at times was overpowering.

"The surgeon left us in the morning and I have not seen him since. Soon after his visit I discerned unmistakable signs of mortification, and was at my wit's end to know what to do, when just here came to me the memory of our experience in Fort Winnebago when I was a young girl, which proved very timely and helpful. A little sister of mine had been very ill and was threatened with 'dropsy on the brain', when Surgeon Lyman Foote applied a blister to the calf of one of her legs. It was my province to assist him in the treatment of the little girl, and one day he made a poultice in which he put a quantity of pulverized charcoal. This astonished me and I said, 'Doctor, what is that for?' He replied, 'Oh, little girls need not know everything, but this charcoal is an anti-septic.' I did not then know the meaning of that word, nowadays in such common use, and therefore went to Webster for information and found it was to counteract putrefaction, and one day when he removed the poultice, I saw in it a piece of black, dead flesh. The child made a perfect recovery. Storing away the knowledge thus gained, I was able, many years





"after, to utilize it. I could not go to a druggist for pulverized charcoal but managed to make it, and although the labor of pounding, pulverizing and sifting it through muslin, was a tedious process, we succeeded in securing enough each day for our purpose. The poultices were made black with it, and were changed several times during the twenty-four hours, and the ugly, purple inflammation receded, day by day, till only the toes were black beyond remedy, and in a few days sloughed up from the foot, and were so uncomfortable to the patient that he begged me to cut them off. I hesitated, fearing I might do harm, but he had gained great confidence in me, during his many weeks of suffering, and insisted so strongly that, one day, with the aid of a sharp pen-knife and a pair of fine scissors, I took off one toe; the next day another, and then another. It was a new and strange experience, cutting the dead flesh and unjointing the bones, but the Great Physician heard my prayers, stood by me and strengthened me and enabled me to succeed. Soon after this an opportunity offered to take the patient comfortably to St. Paul, where he had friends. The two months of constant care he required had been hard on me so, although I had given him willing service and had become much attached to him, it was deemed advisable to part with him. He was a man of good education and, though reduced in circumstances, was always a gentleman. In a letter received from him after the St. Paul surgeon had removed his remaining useless member, he told me that the man of science and skill had caused him much more suffering in his operation than he had endured under the knife and scissors of his nurse at Long Prairie."

(Although I realize, full well, that she was of the stuff of which heroes are made, I could not help being reminded of "Swiss Family Robinson" as I copied above story. Ed.)

### THE BAD SIDEWALK or How To Get Action By Your Alderman

It was a year or two after the family's move to St. Anthony, Minn. that the following episode occurred. There were wooden sidewalks all over town and these were often in a bad state of repair with the nails projecting and often catching the long skirts of those days. There were several particularly bad places not far from the Van Cleve home, in regard to which Grandmother had repeatedly complained to the authorities, but without results. The women of the town were quite up in arms about the matter but they seemed to get no action.

One day there was to be a group of business men escorted through the town, and Grandmother decided that this was her opportunity. Armed with a husky hammer she hied her to one of the worst spots and set to work. It happened to be a place which the visitors were to pass. When they and their guides appeared they saw a white-haired lady down on her knees vigorously hammering away at the nails. At first they didn't know what to make of it, but then someone recognized her and began to laugh, realizing that it was her way of gaining her point. The walks were repaired.







CHARLOTTE OUISCONSIN VAN CLEVE  
Wife of Horatio P. Van Cleve (6)

(The following is a part of the article on General H. P. Van Cleve, previously quoted; and appearing in the Minnesota volume of the United States Biographical Dictionary - published 1879.)

"General Van Cleve was married on the 22nd of March, 1836, to Miss Charlotte Ouisconsin Clark, daughter of Major Nathan Clark of the United States Army. The name Ouisconsin was bestowed upon her, owing to the incident of her birth occurring at Prairie du Chien, at the mouth of the Wisconsin River while her parents were on their way with her father's regiment to locate a fort at the junction of the St. Peter and Mississippi rivers, which was to become Fort Snelling. (The soldiers really named her Ouisconsin, the original spelling of the name. St. Peters was the original name of the Minnesota River - Ed.) Mrs. Van Cleve, while marrying a military husband, was not only a soldier's daughter, but was also the descendant of military ancestors who did good service in the war of independence. Her mother was a daughter of Colonel Thomas Yonge Seymour, an officer in the revolution, who receives favorable mention in the 'Life of Washington', and who was the escort for General Burgoyne after he was captured. His portrait may be seen at the present time (this was 1879) hanging in the National Gallery at Washington."

For additional information regarding her mother and her family, see the story of the "Life of Charlotte Seymour Clark", by her daughter, which follows. Ed. Also see account of Col. Thos. Y. Seymour, p. 118.

"General Van Cleve and his estimable wife are both worthy members of the Presbyterian Church, entirely agreeing in religious matters, as they have in everything else, during more than forty-two years of wedded life." (At the time of his death, they had been married fifty-five years. Ed.) "As a man, General Van Cleve is loved and respected by all who know him. In the field he was always a thorough soldier and a gallant officer...."

"Mrs. Van Cleve is a lady of great force of character, strong in her convictions of what is just and right, and fearless in following the dictates of her conscience. She was one of the original founders of the 'Sisterhood of Bethany', a society which has done notable work in Minneapolis in seeking to save and reform fallen women. Since the formation of the sisterhood, she has held the position of president, and through the medium of lectures and familiar society talks, she has enlisted the active sympathy of a large portion of the community. Though this work, of late years, has commanded more of her time than any other, yet she is none the less heartily in sympathy with every undertaking which tends to enlighten and elevate society."

(Note: It should be stated here that Grandmother Charlotte was solely responsible for the organization of the Sisterhood of Bethany which founded "Bethany Home". The beginning of this work was in Southeast Minneapolis, and, in order to get it started, Grandfather paid one month's rent on a small brick house which is still in existence and which was used for the first home. Grandmother veritably "loved" these girls back into a better state in life. She referred to them always as "my girls". Ed.)





At the time of Grandmother Charlotte's death in 1907, the Minneapolis papers had much to say about her. Here follows one article under the heading,

### SWEET MEMORIES OF REMARKABLE WOMAN

-----

Charlotte Ouisconsin Van Cleve and Her  
Patriotism, Her Charity, Her  
Beauty of Character.

"Because of her retirement as the infirmities of age made it necessary, the death of Mrs. Charlotte Ouisconsin Van Cleve, rather than events of the last few years of her life, served to awaken an interest in the historic scenes of her girlhood, her life as a young matron, and her works as a mature woman. Last Sunday there was no woman in Minneapolis more respected, more honored or more truly loved than Mrs. Van Cleve, and today, though she is but a memory, the memory is rich in her beauty, her all-embracing charity and the fullness of her life of service.

"Mrs. Van Cleve's life, the expression of her nature, was many sided and well rounded. One of her daughters-in-law has said of her, since her death, that her life in its entirety was so perfect, so exquisite that it was as rare as the flawless bloom of the century plant. Her hospitality was boundless; it was not limited to those she loved and those who entertained her - it was the genuine hospitality that comes from a great nature, and it embraced any who came to her door in need of help. Seymour Van Cleve, one of her sons, says of her that 'No one ever came to her door but she took him in, and sometimes he took her in'. During the Sioux outbreak in 1862 the Van Cleves were living on University Avenue, and their board, which was always capable of accommodating one more, was stretched to accommodate twelve or fifteen strangers - refugees from the outlying small towns. And these people stayed for days.

"One of the most beautiful things about Mrs. Van Cleve was her childlike faith in God and in the efficacy of prayer. Even in her last days, when almost wholly deaf and totally blind, she would sit and repeat snatches of hymns to herself, saying, 'God help me. I'll be brave.'

"The loveliness and sweetness of her character was mirrored so truly in her face that her beauty was as much a matter of comment as her worth, even in the last days of her life. One of her daughters-in-law tells a pretty story concerning a visit by Mrs. Van Cleve to the house of a friend. The friend had a small son who objected to going to bed at the usual time on the night of Mrs. Van Cleve's visit. On being asked why, he answered, 'Oh, I want to see that beautiful lady again. Is she God, Mother?'

"Mrs. Seymour Van Cleve tells an interesting story of her first meeting with the woman who was afterwards her mother-in-law. 'It was during the war', she says, 'and I, with a lot of other girls, was attending Mrs. Butterfield's private school over on Central Avenue. One afternoon the principal came to us and told us that a dear lady, Mrs.





"Van Cleve, wanted us to go to her house and scrape lint for bandages for the poor soldiers. We went and, grouped around the big dining room table, we scraped lint from little squares of old table linen, while Mrs. Van Cleve told us stories, and such stories. She was a born story-teller and a historian as well, so her stories had the charm of being true ones. She held her little audiences spellbound, and I can remember to this day some of the things, just as she told them to us.'

"Her loyalty to her flag and her country was one of the strongest traits in her character. She rose to a very exaltation of patriotic feeling. A soldier's daughter and a soldier's wife, she was, to use her own words, 'brought up on the tap of the drum', and her passion of devotion to her country was so great, and her courage was of such Spartan stuff that she would have given gladly her seven sons to the flag, if need were. During the G.A.R. meeting here last summer her family had a flag hung between a tree in the yard and the house, where she could see it with her almost sightless eyes, and if there ever was a time when her usual good spirits seemed to be leaving her, one of her children who was always with her, would point to the flag and speak of its beauties, and the dear old face would light up with all its old time gladness, and she would say, 'I'm a soldier's daughter. I'll be brave'.

"A lively sense of humor kept Mrs. Van Cleve sweet through all the many trials of her long life, and she enjoyed a good story on herself quite as much as on the other person. She used to laugh heartily over an episode of many years ago. When one of the first bankers here, a man of considerable means, first began to become gray haired, he purchased a hair dye and applied it, with the result that his hair became a magnificent green. He sought advice from all his friends and tried every prescribed remedy to no avail. Finally, one day he was confiding his trouble to his stable boy, and the boy said, 'I'll tell you what you do. There's a woman lives here who spends all her time helping people. Her name is Mrs. Van Cleve. You go to her and tell her about it, and if she can't help you, you are a gon-er'.

"The Van Cleves have lived in the old house, 603 Southeast Fifth Street, where Mrs. Van Cleve died, for more than forty years, and her cheery, smiling face has been something that children have watched for on their way to school, for many years. Her love for and mother interest in all children was a thing that kept her young, even in her old age. Her real life work was found in the houses of unfortunate women, and they were to her always, 'my dear girls', never sinners. She began the rescue in Minneapolis when the idea was new and it was not a popular charity. She founded the Bethany Home, and through her prayers and untiring work, kept it going even in the face of strong opposition and sneers.

"Her courage was a never failing source of wonderment to her family and friends. At the time of the brutal murder of her oldest son, Malcolm, in Santa Clara, California, she was expecting a letter from him telling of his expected return, and instead she received one from a stranger telling of his death. Her husband was coming home wounded from the Civil War that same day, and she, with a fortitude that seemed more than human, told her children that they must meet him as though nothing had happened. And this they all did, the brave woman concealing her grief till her husband







"had been in the house two or three hours, and had been made comfortable. That was the shock too that turned her hair snow white and gave rise to her deafness.

"A very remarkable thing connected with Mrs. Van Cleve's death is the dream of one of her daughters-in-law, Mrs. S. H. Van Cleve, on the Saturday night preceding her death. The aged woman lost consciousness that night, and in the daughter's dream, she saw the white robed figure of a bride pass from the mother's room, down the stairs and out of the house. Mrs. S. H. Van Cleve seems to firmly believe that her mother's spirit passed out with the beautiful figure that she saw in her dream."

For further reference, read "Three Score Years and Ten" by Charlotte Ouisconsin Van Cleve, published by Harrison and Smith (Minneapolis) in 1895. Ed.



## A TRIBUTE

Soon after the death of Grandmother Charlotte, the late Mrs. George Fuller, a member of the Women's Missionary Society of Andrew Presbyterian Church, the church in which the Minneapolis branch of the family has worked for 97 years, composed the following tribute to her for one of the meetings of that society:

"Andrew Church, the church of her love and prayers, holds in peculiar reverence and in a 'love that lies beyond the years' this dear woman who was one of us, Charlotte Ouisconsin Van Cleve.

"As has been said of another, so we may say of her, 'From God she came; with God she walked; God's world she loved; God's children she helped; God's church she led; God's blessed Son she followed; God's nearness she enjoyed; with God she dwells.'

"The secret of her life, it's inspiration, we learn from her own telling of its story. It carries us back to a lonely military post upon the frontier and to a brave young mother. In the midst of hardship and privation she set her child's feet in the path that leads ever upward.

"Through all the long years of devotion, loyalty and helpful service which all have learned to associate with the name of Charlotte Van Cleve, we know that her life but rang true to the keynote struck in its dawning years. We should expect this child of love and heroism to grow into the dauntless spirit and the power she became. We could foretell that, to her, 'life would be more than meat and the body more than raiment'. We would know that she would be deeply tender of heart, large in her sympathies, broad in her interests, missionary of spirit. And such we know her. Is there one of us who does not owe to her some aspiration toward higher things, some inspiration to deeper living, some kindly thought, some ennobling impulse, some new vision of great things, all making 'this life worth while and Heaven a surer heritage?'

"Can any of us who knew Mrs. Van Cleve in those glorious sunset years, safe harbored in life's port of peace, quietly waiting her summons home, ever forget or cease to be taught by the beauty in her face, the radiance no earth cloud could darken, the light so eloquent to every beholder of the things of the soul? Could one meet her and fail to feel the touch of her spirit, the spirit that had endured, conquered, triumphed, and which imparted to her whole presence the repose, the sweet serenity, the nobility of bearing we knew so well?

"She helped us to believe that God is not afar off; she roused us to a sense of the dignity of living; to believe that ours is an eternal, not an earthly destiny. She showed us that the blessed privilege of living lies in service.

"Through such souls alone,  
God, stooping, shows sufficient of His light  
For us in the dark to rise by."



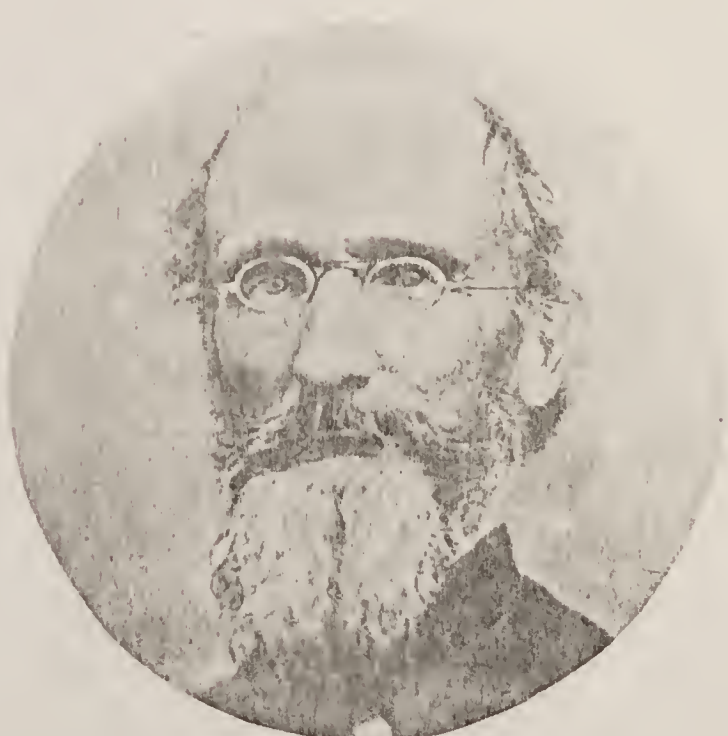




603 S. E. Fifth Street, Minneapolis, Minn.



Grandmother Charlotte O.



Grandfather Gen. Horatio P.





# THE STORY OF KATE NOONAN

by Mrs. John Schwartz,  
sister of Mrs. S. H. (Ida) Van Cleve

"The Van Cleves were forerunners, much ahead of their times. The following story demonstrates the fact that 'Grandma' (Mrs. Charlotte O.) was not in the least afraid of the world's opinion.

"In Civil War times, when General Van Cleve was at the front, and later, the Van Cleve household was overrun with relatives and a big family, and it was necessary to have a cook and cook's helper. The helper, at one time, was Kate Noonan who was full of personality. She did the helper's work because she needed money, not only to live, but to go to dances. As time went on Kate got other work and Grandma lost track of her. She was employed at the Eastmans, the DeLaittres, and the Josiah Thompsons, all distinguished families of the city. At each house she was nurse girl and a part of the family. She roomed with Ida Eastman (Mrs. Al Loring) who told me the following story which tells much of her personality.

"Young Rothchild, of the clothing store, invited her to a ball. She, not knowing the girls would wear tarleton dresses, was happy to go in her lovely black and white checked taffeta silk dress, trimmed with black velvet ribbons. When she saw the girls with beautiful fluffy dresses, Kate refused to leave the dressing room. Her escort could do nothing with her. At last Will Sidle and Will Eldred went to the door of the dressing room and begged her to come out, but she refused. At last, these two society young bloods told her she would have the grandest time of any girl and that her dress was lovely, etc., etc. So she came out and was the belle of the ball. That was the beginning of her receiving attention from men out of her class. However, in those days conditions were different. Mrs. William Eastman and Mrs. George Newell had been factory girls, and Kate's own sister, Abbey, had married a Green (connection of the Harrisons).

"One day Grandma Van Cleve, sitting on her front porch, looked up, and there stood Kate in bedraggled clothes and feet nearly out of her shoes. Grandma, with outstretched arms said 'Why Katie, so glad' - but she was interrupted by Kate who said, 'I am only Will Sidle's discarded mistress.' Did that make any difference to Grandma? No. She took Kate in, comforted her, and gave her a room on the third floor. People could never understand Mrs. Van Cleve's taking in all sorts of girls into her home, full of sons.

"At that time, and for many years, Mrs. Van Cleve was interested in missions, and was on a trip addressing societies in St. Cloud, Fergus Falls and Moorhead. One day, when she picked up the morning paper she read in big headlines 'KATE NOONAN KILLED WILL SIDLE ON NICOLLET AVENUE.' Did she rush home? No, she finished her trip. When she reached home she said, 'Father, hitch up the horse and let us go to the jail and see Katie'. They went, and what did they find? Kate, only eighteen years old, crazed and in the worst vermin infested cell. It was a daily trip for General and Mrs. Van Cleve; first to get authorities to clean up the jail, and then to try to comfort Kate and her poor old parents from Watertown. This, being the first tragedy of the kind, was front page news. As Kate was a Catholic, Grandma secured the interest of a fine priest, Father McGorick. He would do nothing to comfort her, for she





"had wandered from the church. She always remembered that it was the church's fault that she lacked education, causing her downfall (at least so she said). When the Noonans lived on the East River Flats in Minneapolis, the parents sent her to the public school instead of sending her to the St. Anthony of Padua school - miles away and facing the north wind in winter. The priest (not the church) refused to give the mother communion unless she took the girls from the public school. So little Abbey and Kate went to work at the knitting mills. Kate, to her last days, always attributed her tragedy to lack of education, as she knew she had the ability, and she never forgave the church.

"As I remember it, a young attorney, Christopher O'Brien, took Kate's case, and the Sidles and the state employed Lochren, McNair and Gilfillan, the best law firm in Minneapolis. Mr. W. W. McNair was the nextdoor neighbor to the Van Cleves, but when Mr. McNair learned that Mrs. Van Cleve was interested in Kate, he ceased to recognize his neighbor. However, as people drew their skirts away from her, Mrs. Van Cleve became all the more determined to see justice done. She and the General made futile trips to the Thompsons, the Eastmans and the DeLaittres, hoping that some of Kate's employers would stand by her. The husbands refused even if the wives would consent to such notoriety.

"When the case came up, in the summer of 1877, nothing much else was talked about. It was said that Kate's testimony was dramatic. She told of some girl and herself as being in an icecream parlor, and of Will Sidle and Will Eldred coming up to their table and treating them to lemonade. The next thing Kate knew she woke up in a room with Will Sidle at the Nicollet Hotel. She told of her terrible degradation and his comforting her with promises of marriage. He established her well, I think on Nicollet Avenue, and dressed her beautifully. She had his devotion and was evidently in love with him. When she read in the paper that he was soon to marry Isabelle Atwater, daughter of Judge Atwater, and called it to his attention, he protested 'not while you are alive'. When he tired of her and refused to pay the rent, and she could not get work, she accosted him on the street and begged for money to leave town. He swore at her. One of the most dramatic scenes in the courtroom was when the lawyer asked her the last words Will Sidle ever said to her. She begged and begged not to be made to tell, but at last she had to confess that he cursed her and threatened to have her arrested if she ever spoke to him again.

"Then they put Mrs. Van Cleve on the stand to take the oath. She arose from a seat between Kate and the old parents. The judge consented to Granda Van Cleve's telling of Kate's life as she knew it. As she was totally deaf, she hadn't heard the testimony, nor could she be questioned.

"My brother, Jesse Wilson, a young lawyer fresh from Ann Arbor, was in court, and told me the thrilling story. Grandma told of two little girls, standing on boxes to reach spindles in the factory, and of how they had not been protected by men. She graphically told of Kate's personality, and how beloved she was in her household, and she had investigated and learned that she had been respected and cared for wherever she had lived. Then she let her oratory loose and told of Will Sidle and his kind in her work at Bethany Home, the home she had helped start





"for 'fallen girls.' She ended by saying that the world was better for the death of such a man as Will Sidle, but deplored that Kate had been the instrument. She made a plea to the jury that Kate would not hang. (That was the law in those days.)

"The Van Cleve family felt that a woman, much a victim, who was at their home at the time, may have put the thought in Kate's mind. However that may be, the testimony was that Kate spoke to Will Sidle one evening when he was going home to supper with Charlie Sidle, and that he swore at her. She became infuriated and turned and went into a store, bought a revolver, followed them and shot Will Sidle, just grazing Charlie's ear. Will fell and died almost immediately. She gave herself up to the police. In her testimony she had no knowledge of where she secured the revolver - just a mad craze - almost insane. The charge to the jury was given by Judge Lochren, and he ridiculed Grandma Van Cleve, calling her 'Vanity in gray curls'. (She always wore little gray bonnets, hair parted in the middle, and gray curls.)

"The judge's remarks made a bad impression on the jury, several of whom knew and respected her, and Mr. McNair arose hastily, interrupted Judge Lochren, and said he had lived for years next to Mrs. Van Cleve, and no one ever called her vain, nor could she help her curly hair.

"The jury disagreed, much to the excitement of the entire country. A new trial was on the calendar for the fall term of court. So that hot summer Kate was in jail. No one visited her except her ignorant, sorrowing family and the Van Cleves who ministered to her frequently. What she would have done without their aid and comfort is hard to conceive. I fancy there was little hope for saving Kate, when a seeming miracle happened.

"The newspapers everywhere were full of the coming trial. A gentleman from the east read the accounts and remembered being in the icecream parlor which figured in the trial, when he had been in Minneapolis before. He had seen the gay crowd, and at the counter had heard a bet between Will Sidle and Will Eldred. The latter had said, 'You can't ruin Kate, she's straight.' This man had seen Will Sidle take a vial from his pocket and put something in the lemonade. At this he had turned to the clerk and inquired, 'Who is that young man?' The reply had been, 'Banker Sidle's son'. Although this man had business outside the city and should have left town, he gave himself up to Kate's lawyer. The West Hotel office register showed the date he was there, which corresponded with the date given by Kate in her testimony as that of her waking up in the Nicollet Hotel with Will Sidle... The jury acquitted her. I understand that this case made her lawyer a great criminal lawyer.

"Even in my youth I remember thinking Mrs. Van Cleve queer - taking in 'Awful Kate Noonan' to her home. Those were trying days for her. Sometimes she would go into the kitchen, take Kate, almost demented from the washtub, and take her to her room and work over her. At last she visited Archbishop Ireland and explained the case to him. Kate had kept all the newspaper clippings and read and reread the







"testimony. Mrs. Van Cleve said, 'You know the Irish temperament, you do something.' Wise old Archbishop Ireland said, 'Yes, the fine Sisters of the Good Shepherd will solve it. They will teach her needlework. She will be separated from the bad girls. Kate is not bad.'

"While Kate never returned to Catholicism, she valued what she got from those kindly, patient sisters. She learned exquisite needlework and dressmaking. She tried to forget the past. The clippings were burned. Nevertheless her sin followed her all her life. Mrs. Van Cleve had influence enough to persuade Mrs. Nodden to employ Kate in her fashionable shop, only to have every girl leave when they knew who she was. Mrs. Nodden said, 'All right, I'll get more.' However, it proved too much for Kate. Next Mrs. Van Cleve made her friends employ Kate. I remember her coming to make my little summer dresses when we lived at 814 S. E. 5th Street in Minneapolis. I can see her now, in black, silent, and I'm sure Mother wasn't keen for employing Kate. She came only once to please Mrs. Van Cleve. About that time she opened a shop in Fergus Falls, but again her customers fell off when Mrs. Pomeroy, Mrs. Van Cleve's friend and neighbor, visited Fergus Falls and, with joy, said, 'Kate Noonan is in town.' The hotel people, the O'Briens, were faithful to her and remained her friends as long as she lived. Nell O'Brien married Ed Nelson of the Nelson Paper Company. After we moved to St. Cloud in 1887, we employed Kate spring and fall while she sewed. Mother accepted Kate and it was a happy two weeks when she was with us.

"She soon had a fine clientele in Minneapolis and certainly made lovely clothes. She always lived at the Van Cleves', and was devoted to the entire family. She made such quaint clothes for Mrs. Van Cleve, and her consideration for the General was sweet. As years went by, Kate's third story room was our delight. Ed Wells, some relative, a myth as far as I am concerned, had fixed up that big attic. Seats were put around, and shelves were on the four sides (See note.) Kate made it lovely and artistic with a white bedroom set and lots of cushions of blue denim. I always took a long look at the picture of Will Sidle which was on a shelf - old-fashioned, from Jacoby's gallery. In later years she told me of his love for his mother and sister Sue, and of all the tender, loving ways. I was always glad she had the memory.

"This terrible tragedy 'made' the Noonan family. Kate sent her brother Frank to law school and helped all the family. She endeared herself to all the members of the Van Cleve family - followed them to New York, where she plied her trade, to the mountains of Tennessee as a housekeeper and dressmaker for Cincinnati relatives. Her life was always helpful and she did appreciate and love the family. One of the last times I saw her was when she was living with her brother Andrew, back of his store in St. Paul, old and feeble. Mrs. Mortimer Van Cleve and her daughter, Rebecca Nicol, home from Syria and much sought after to tell missionary experiences, came to see Kate. She was so appreciative and she told me, 'Nell, Mamma Mary (that was her name for Mary Mort) brought Rebecca to see me when she is so busy.' Old and young, rich and poor of the entire family, loved old Kate to the last.

"We lived to see General and Mrs. Van Cleve revered for their courage to stand alone. There is a Van Cleve Park and a Van Cleve





"School. My sister, Ida, sent the big, fine, black walnut secretary and bookcase to the school. It was full of Indian relics and the collection the General had acquired in his long, eventful life."

Note: This story by Mrs. Helen Schwartz (Aunt Nell to all of us near relatives), is copied from a manuscript story of her life. She was Helen Wilson, married John Schwartz, a Catholic, and joined that church.

Ed Wells, referred to on page 48, was not a relative, but a very good friend of the family. He lived with them quite a long time; organized charades and other games. Gave communion set to Andrew Church. Ed.





Editor's Note: The following story, although long, is entered in these notes because of the vital part it plays, not only in the life of Grandmother Charlotte, but in the history of the times depicted. It is copied from a manuscript among the possessions of the author.

A brief story of the life of

CHARLOTTE SEYMOUR CLARK

as related by her daughter,  
Charlotte Ouisconsin Van Cleve

"My mother was born in Hartford, Conn. October 19, 1794. Her father, Thomas Yonge Seymour, was a prominent lawyer of that city, and her grandfather, Thomas Seymour, its first mayor. Thomas Henry Seymour, for years ambassador to the court of St. Petersburg, and afterwards governor of Connecticut, was her own cousin, and Horatio Seymour (governor of New York) her second cousin. With the New York branch of the family, however, we were never personally acquainted. Her grandmother Seymour was a Miss Ledyard, sister of the brave Col. William Ledyard who was foully murdered by a British officer (Major Bromfield), at the surrender of Fort Griswold. On the entry of the victorious troops, the commander approached Col. Ledyard and, pointing to his sword, said, 'Whose sword is that?' The reply was, 'It was mine. It is yours now,' and with that answer it was handed to the dastardly Briton who, seizing it, plunged it to the hilt in the brave heart of its owner. In the historical rooms at Hartford is still to be seen the shirt with its bloody rent which our great uncle wore on that occasion.

"John Ledyard, the African traveler, was first cousin, once removed, of my mother, Charlotte Seymour Clark. Her father, who served in the War of the Revolution, married his cousin, Miss Ledyard, but her health being very delicate, the shock of her father's death was too much for her and she survived him but a few months. My grandfather remained in the army till the close of the war, was with Gates at the time Burgoyne surrendered to him, and his kindness and delicate attentions to the distinguished prisoner so won his love and respect that, before returning to England, he gave Major Seymour his beautiful, silver-mounted saddle with its elegant caparisons.

"After peace was declared, my grandfather returned to the practice of law in his native city, in which profession he was very successful, and in 1787 he married Miss Susan Bull, a lady of refinement and culture. He soon after built a house which, for those times, must have been one of the finest in the city. The grounds were extensive and beautifully laid out, and it commanded a view of the river and surrounding country which was very picturesque. I visited the old place a few years ago when it was still a very pleasant home, although the fine grounds had been cut up into city lots, and the beautiful view shut out. It was owned at that time by Hon. Gideon Welles, late Secretary of the Navy, and is known in Hartford as the Welles House. Here my dear mother was born, her happy childhood was passed, and during the long winter evenings at Fort Snelling, it was one of her children's favorite amusements to cluster around her and ask for stories of 'when you were a little girl in Hartford'. One incident of which we never tired is worth re-





"cording here as being somewhat prophetic of her future eventful life.

"It was on the occasion of some military celebration, when she had gone with an elder sister and some friends to see the display. There were cannons fired, and at each discharge the elder sister stopped her ears and clung to her protector, but my mother enjoyed every report, clapping her tiny hands and exclaiming, 'That's a good one!' 'Oh!', said an old friend standing by, 'It's plain to see that you will marry a soldier', and turning to her trembling, frightened sister, said, 'You will marry a parson'. And this was literally fulfilled.

"My grandmother Seymour was a strict Episcopalian, a member of the church which Rev. Philander Chase, of blessed memory, was rector. While some of the children inclined to the Presbyterian branch of the church, which was my father's preference, my mother very early imbibed a love for the Episcopal, and at an early age was confirmed and received into the fold. Her love for the beautiful liturgy increased with every year of her life, and to her it was more than a form; it was spiritual life and strength. She drank deeply of its inner meaning and felt that Christ was indeed an anchor to her soul, both sure and steadfast. Rev. Mr. Chase was very fond of her, and years afterwards, when he was bishop of Ohio, I remember the occasion of his administering private baptism to an infant sister at our house in Cincinnati. He had grown very old and quite portly. He was draped in robes, and taking the child in his arms, he named her, signing her with the sign of the Cross; then kissing her fondly and placing her in Mother's arms, he said, with tears and trembling voice, 'It seems a very little while, Charlotte, since I did this for you.' The memory of that scene always calls to my mind the gentle Shepherd who carries the lambs in His bosom, and whose heart is so full of love to all those who hear His voice and follow Him.

"My mother attended school at Miss Patten's, at that time a famous seminary for young ladies; but while a school girl, her father died, and owing to misplaced confidence in a friend, left his family in changed circumstances. The eldest daughter, Mary Ann Seymour, whose school days were over, established a school in Sharon, Connecticut where the younger sisters completed their courses of study. This school was a success and was continued, I think, until my aunt's marriage to Rev. John Woodbridge who was settled for many years in Hadley, Mass.; afterwards for a long while in New York City, and then in Hadley again, until, on the death of his beloved wife, he removed to Chicago, the home of nearly all his children."

Note: See quotation from "New England Ministry Sixty Years Ago" which follows. This gives an account of a long line of Woodbridge ministers, ending with Rev. John Woodbridge above. Ed. pp 104-106.

"My mother loved to visit her nephews and nieces there very much, and only a year ago last fall she attended the wedding of a niece's son in Evanston, near Chicago. On the very day of her death a son was born to these young people. Did the spirits of the dear old saint and of the little infant just starting on its life journey, meet upon the Threshold?"

Note: The niece's son was William Dickinson who married Susan White Hempstead in 1872. He was own cousin of my mother, Mary Williams





Van Cleve. The baby referred to was William Woodbridge Dickinson, born 1873. Ed.

"Soon after my mother left school, while living with her mother in Hartford, Lieutenant Nathan Clark, who had entered the army in the war of 1812 and had been retained, was ordered to that city on recruiting service. The office he occupied was still standing only a few years ago, and was pointed out to me by my cousin, Thomas Seymour. Lieutenant Clark here formed the acquaintance of her brother, Thomas, also an officer in the army. The young men exchanged visits and thus my parents met. Her antecedents and associates were all so military, it was natural she should accept the offer of a brave and honorable man who had served his country in her hour of need, and whose record as a soldier and gentleman was clear and stainless.

"With the full consent of her family she became engaged to him, and a few months afterwards he was ordered to Albany, N. Y. The distance at that time, counted by days was great, and mails were very uncertain, and the separation was a painful one. Within a year I have come into possession of a letter written by my father from that city to his friend, Dr. J. L. Comstock, who had married a cousin of my mother and had been associated with my father in the army. He afterwards compiled the Philosophy and Chemistry which bear his name, and which my contemporaries will remember as having been textbooks in most of the schools of our day.

"I insert some extracts from the letter alluded to; it bears date, Albany, July 8, 1815.

'Dear Sir:

I have just arrived at this place and, very unexpectedly, fell in with Bvt. Major Marston of our regiment, who is proceeding to the eastward with orders from Gen. Brown to collect and send all belonging to the 5th Infantry to Detroit. You can judge by my feelings, I am pleased with the idea of going, but the thoughts of leaving my betrothed are painful.

I wrote you that we were expecting soon to be married, but this order sadly disappoints me as it admits of no delay. I shall probably be sent to Plattsburg after some men, thence proceed to Sacket Harbor, and from there to Detroit. The object is, in all probability, to quell the hostile Indians.

If possible I shall see dear Charlotte before I go; but should this not be possible, give her my love; keep me in her remembrance and do, my dear friend, be her protector.

Write me immediately at Plattsburg.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) N. Clark

"This extract shows the immense advance made since then in postal and traveling facilities, and it is evident that, tenderly as the young soldier loved his affianced wife, he could not presume to ask her to leave her comfortable, quiet home and brave the horrors of a long journey to such an out-of-the-way place as Detroit then was.





"He hardly expected to be able to even see her before leaving, but his sense of duty was paramount to all else, and he well knew that she whom he loved so fondly, would never ask or desire him to swerve from it. But the bitter trial of parting was spared them, for, from what I can glean from private papers, the march westward was for some reason postponed to the following year, and my father was ordered to Newport, R. I. on recruiting service. In the spring of 1816 the order was renewed, and my mother, then just recovering from a severe attack of what was then called "spotted fever", determined to accompany him to whom she had unreservedly given her troth. Accordingly, just before the expedition started, the only moment my father could snatch from his military duties, he came to Hartford to claim his bride. She was still an invalid, so weak and nervous that the least noise distressed her. Her attendants moved about in slippared feet, and every precaution was used to save a jar to her nerves. But it is told of her that when the well known step of her soldier was heard, as he came bounding up the stairs, she forgot her nerves, and with a face beaming with joy, sat up to welcome him.

"Time was precious and orders imperative; from that sick bed she arose, was dressed for the journey and taken to the church to be married. \* \* \* The bride could not stand without support, but her heart was strong and her marriage vows were spoken clearly, solemnly and understandingly. Then, bidding goodbye to home and friends, she was carried in her husband's arms to the carriage in which she commenced her journey to the far west. (Detroit). The fatigue and discomfort of that wedding trip through Canada, which still bore marks of the late war, where oftentimes it was difficult to procure either food or comfortable lodgings, are among the reminiscences with which she has often interested her children. \* \* \*

"Arriving at Detroit her real army life began. Her health was entirely restored. She was warmly welcomed by the officers and ladies of the garrison, and most of the acquaintances formed there became lifelong friends. \* \* \*

"But army orders respect no ties of love or friendship, and in the spring of 1817 my father was ordered to Fort Wayne, Ind." (Here she tells of more bad roads and of the journey (mostly on horseback), also making many new friends. Ed.)

"In a few weeks after their arrival, her first child and only son, Malcolm, was born. It must have been late in the fall of 1818 that my father procured a year's furlough and took his little family to Hartford where he established them comfortably, and looked forward to a season of rest and ease for his cheerful and uncomplaining wife. But early in the spring of 1819 he received orders to join his regiment, without delay, at Buffalo, and march directly to a point on the Mississippi at the mouth of the St. Peter's River (later named Minnesota River. Ed) where a fort was to be built and a garrison established.

"The New England friends besought my mother to remain until her western home was made comfortable for her, but she said that if ever her husband needed her it was when he was isolated from the world and deprived of much that makes life comfortable. In vain did they set







"before her the horrors of the interminable forests inhabited by savages, of the dreadful privations she must undergo, and the long intervals between letters from home. She replied, 'Wherever the flag waves and my husband's duty calls him, there is my home.' \* \* \*

"The little son was baptized by the Rev. Dr. Wainright of the Episcopal Church, and then again she bade goodbye to the dear friends and started bravely on a long journey which led to a wilderness outside of civilization, and beyond the reach of almost all its blessings and comforts."

(Note: The description which follows, covering their journey from Buffalo to the site of Fort Snelling, is also given in her "Three Score Years and Ten". It is repeated here for the benefit of those who do not have that book. Ed.)

"At Buffalo the troops rested a few days and then took schooners for Green Bay, thence in batteaux they ascended the Fox River to Lake Winnebago where, as they had been commanded to reconcile the Indians and to do nothing which would arouse their ill feeling against the whites, Colonel Leavenworth, the commandant of the regiment, determined to hold a council with the tribe through whose country they were to pass, and crave permission to proceed on their journey. This being announced to the chiefs of the tribe, they assembled to hear what the "white brother" had to say.

"The day was beautiful. All in full uniform 'with bayonets glancing in the sun' they made an imposing display, and everything was done to render it a memorable and impressive occasion. The ladies of the party, Mrs. Leavenworth, Mrs. Captain Godding, with her young daughters, and my mother with her baby boy, were seated on the turf enjoying the beauty and novelty of the scene. Some squaws, attracted by the unusual sight, drew timidly near and gazed in wonder at what they saw. One of the officers, Major Marston, the wag of the party, learning that one of the squaws was the head chief's wife, desired to show her some distinguishing mark of respect, and leading her into the group of ladies, said, 'This is the queen, ladies. Make room for the queen.' They complied with the request, but as this specimen of royalty was particularly greasy and highly perfumed with the mingled odor of fish and muskrat, which all who have been much with real live Indians can recall, her advent among them was not hailed with the ardor and enthusiasm which might have greeted the British queen.

"When all was in order, Col. Leavenworth stepped forth, and through an interpreter, formally demanded of the chief permission to pass peaceably through the country.

"The chief, a very handsome young man, advanced, and with his right arm uncovered, said with most impressive gestures, 'My brother, do you see the calm blue sky above us? Do you see the lake that lies so peacefully at our feet? So calm, so peaceful are our hearts toward you. Pass on.'

"With this full permission so gracefully bestowed, after resting and refreshing themselves among their newly made friends, the troops left





"among them a liberal supply of beads and trinkets and passed on to that point on the river least distant from the Wisconsin, where they made a portage, transporting their boats and supplies by the aid of Indians hired for the purpose, a distance rather more than a mile. This was a tedious process but was successfully accomplished and the boats were again afloat on the stream, called by the Indians 'Nee-na-hoo-na-ninka' (beautiful little river) and by the whites Ouisconsin, the French for what we now call Wisconsin. The place of transit from one river to the other was for years known as 'The Portage'. At the point where the troops prepared to cross it, was afterwards built Fort Winnebago, and directly opposite the fort on a pretty knoll stood, for many years, the Indian Agency, occupied for a long time by John Kinzie, agent, afterwards better known as one of the first owners of Chicago.

"Mrs. Kinzie's 'Wau Bun, or Early Days' gives a very pleasant and reliable account of the country above referred to. The point where the reembarkation took place has grown into Portage City.

"The descent of the Wisconsin was successfully made and, at its mouth, stood old Fort Crawford and a settlement of French and half-breeds called Prairie du Chien.

"The fort was simply a rude barracks and far from comfortable. The journey from Buffalo had been long and trying; obstacles had been met and bravely overcome, but instead of reaching their journey's end in June, as they fully expected to do, the regiment reached Fort Crawford on July 1st, worn out and exhausted. It was determined to remain at this point until they were rested and strengthened before making the final plunge into the unknown wilderness, right into the midst of savages who might prove enemies and cause them trouble.

"The transportation of their supplies had been attended with so much difficulty that, notwithstanding all possible care, the pork barrels leaked badly and the contents had become musty. The flour had been so much exposed to dampness, that for the depth of three inches or more, it was solid blue mould. There was no choice between this wretched fare and starvation, for the miserable country about the fort afforded no supplies.

"Just at this juncture, scarcely an hour after her arrival, my mother's second child was born and named Charlotte for her mother, to which was added by the officers, 'Ouisconsin'.

"When one calls to mind all the comforts and luxuries demanded at the present time for such occasions, it is difficult to realize how my brave little mother endured her hardships, and when I add that, almost immediately, both she and my brother were seized with fever and ague, which soon exhausted their strength and made them almost helpless, it would seem beyond belief that they should survive.

"The new-born infant was entirely deprived of the nourishment nature kindly provides for incipient humanity, thus complicating to a great degree the trials of that dreadful time.

"My father could never speak of that experience without a shudder and has told me, with tears, how he scoured the whole country for suitable





"nourishment for mother and children, with wretched success, adding that, but for Mother's unfailing courage, her wonderfully hopeful disposition, and above all, her firm faith in God, he could hardly have endured his heavy trials.

"The surgeon of the regiment at that time (I think his name was Burns) was a man of science and great skill in his profession, but an inveterate drunkard, and it was not an uncommon occurrence, when his services were needed, to find him so stupefied with liquor that nothing but a liberal sousing in cold water would fit him for duty. But as he was their only dependence, they made the best of it. So long a time must have elapsed before the provisions could have been officially condemned and fresh supplies sent from St. Louis, Detroit, or whatever was the nearest military depot (for red tape was more perplexing then than now when it is sent back and forth by lightning) that it was concluded to continue the journey with what they had, and so the troops moved on, and the feeble mother and sick child and the little daughter of the regiment went with them.

"Father made everything as comfortable on board of one of the keel-boats as was possible, and buoyed up by the thought that the change of climate might benefit his wife and child, set out with his glimmer of hope which, with the consciousness that he was doing his duty in that state of life to which God had called him, quite strengthened and sustained him.

"The difficulties of that first journey on the Mississippi few at the present day can realize. The boats, which were built somewhat like canal boats, were propelled by poles in the hands of men who stood in two rows, one on either side of the deck, and placing these poles at the bottom of the river, pushed with their shoulders against them, walking from one end of the boat to the other, forcing it forward its own length at each effort. An old Irish proverb describes that mode of locomotion and I insert it here for the benefit of all who may be obliged to travel in that way: 'Patience and a long pole will drive a snail to Cork.'

"At night the boats were tied up, camp fires were lighted, tents pitched, sentinels posted, and everything made ready in case of an interruption of Indians.

"Arrived at Lake Peppin, a few days were spent on its beautiful shores, resting and overhauling, repairing and regulating the boats. The sick were growing stronger, and the poor little baby who was living on pap, made of musty flour and sweetened water, tied up in a rag, which did duty for a patent nursing bottle, grew wonderfully and bid fair to be a marvel of size and strength.

"Some time late in August or early in September, we arrived safely and in pretty good condition at -- where? No fort, no town, no regular landing even; simply at the mouth of the St. Peters where we had been ordered to stop, and there we stopped. For weeks the boats were our only shelter, and the sense of perfect isolation, the feeling that the nearest white neighbors were three hundred miles away, that months must elapse before we could have a syllable from home, at times proved exceedingly oppressive to us, the first settlers in Minnesota. I have been told that,







"even then, Mother's courage did not fail her, and that her cheerful way of taking things as they came and making the best of them, was a real blessing to that pioneer band.

"Temporary barracks were erected at or near where Mendota now stands; everything was made as comfortable as circumstances allowed. The Indians were friendly and peaceable and, notwithstanding the damaged stores and other sources of discomfort, the command entered upon the winter of 1819-1820 cheerfully and hopefully. But late in the winter scurvy broke out among the soldiers and forty died of the dreadful disease. Many more were affected with it, and far removed as we were from all help, it was a matter of real uneasiness and alarm, as medical skill availed nothing without the needed medicine. However, as soon as the frost was sufficiently out of the ground, the Indians brought in quantities of the Spig-net root, telling the surgeon that it would cure the sick. It proved entirely efficacious and the scourge was stayed.

"Our first quarters were not calculated to resist the high winds prevalent at times in this climate. Once during our first winter, the roof of our cabin blew off and the walls seemed about to fall in; my father, sending my mother and brother to a place of safety, held up the chimney to prevent a total downfall, while I, who had been pushed under the bed in my cradle, lay there, 'smiling unbeknownst', as Sary Gamp would express it, until the violence of the storm was over, when with the aid of a number of soldiers, the necessary repairs were rapidly made and all was comfortable as before.

"The next summer more permanent quarters were erected at Camp Cold Water on the Fort side of the river, but before moving into them, Col. Leavenworth was relieved by Col. Josiah Snelling who immediately set about building the fort, the site of which had been selected by the former colonel.

"As soon as possible the saw mill at St. Anthony, long known as the Government Mill, was erected. Quarries were opened and everything was done to facilitate matters, Col. Snelling proving most efficient in the work for which he had been selected.

"At first, mails were received semi-annually; after a while quarterly. An Indian on pony rode with it from Prairie du Chien, and I never heard of any mail robbery or want of faithfulness on the part of our trusty mail carrier.

"There was but one advantage that I can now recall in these infrequent mails; the head of the household never buried himself in the morning paper, ignoring everyone about him; consequently breakfast was what it was designed to be, a particularly enjoyable meal. The old breakfast call of 'Peace unto the trencher', to this day brings to my mind an imaginary odor of coffee, and recalls vividly those pleasant breakfast table chats.

"In 1821 the Fort, although not completed, was fit for occupancy, and great was the joy of all when they found themselves in truly comfortable, homelike quarters; there was a universal, genuine house warming into which all entered with heartfelt pleasure and gratitude. My





"father had assigned to him the quarters next beyond the steps leading to the commissary's store, and during this year my little sister, Juliet, was born there.

"It is not three months since I talked with dear old Mrs. Snelling, my mother's life-long and dearly cherished friend, about these long-ago times. Her eyesight is greatly impaired and she is quite infirm. She could hardly distinguish me, but when fairly engaged in recalling Fort Snelling reminiscences, and especially her associations with my mother, there came back to her dim eyes, once so bright and beautiful, the 'light of other days', and as she put her hand lovingly upon me, and reminded me of the times when I used to come skipping across the parade ground with an errand from my mother, or to take tea with her little folks, I almost fancied myself a child again on a visit to headquarters. Let me say here that her old age is made very comfortable by a pension lately granted by the government in consideration of her husband's services, and that she is living, most pleasantly and independently with her daughter, Mrs. Hazzard, in Newport, Ky.

"In 1823 Mrs. Snelling and my mother established the first Sunday School in the Northwest. It was held in the basement of the commanding officer's quarters, and was productive of much good. Many of the soldiers, with their families, attended. Major Joe Brown, since so well known in this country, then a drummer boy, was one of the pupils.

"A Bible class for the officers and their wives was formed, and all became so interested in the history of the Patriarchs that it furnished topics of conversation during the week, and when the last lesson in the life of Moses had been studied, and they learned how the dear, long suffering, meek old man had 'gone up from the Plains of Moab unto the mountains of Nebo to the top of Pisga that is over against Jericho' and viewed the land which God had promised to his seed, but which he was never to possess, when 'he died and the Lord buried him in a valley in the land of Moab', all wept at the loss of a beloved friend.

"A member of the class, meeting my mother on the parade, after exchanging the usual greetings, said in saddened tones, 'But don't you feel sorry that Moses is dead?' During my late visit to Mrs. Snelling, we talked of this first Sunday School; she told me how earnestly my mother had labored in it and how she herself had induced the wife of one of the officers, who was somewhat skeptical in her views, to join the class. She did so, was much interested, and finally became truly converted through this humble means, and during her whole life was an earnest faithful follower of Christ. Many others of the class learned to love the Bible and its sacred teachings, and the amount of good done by these two faithful servants can never be estimated in this world. The Master whom they served has not forgotten them and they will not lose their reward.

"During this same year the first steamboat, 'The Virginia', commanded by Captain Crawford, arrived and brought joy to the hearts of all.

"Early in the spring of 1824 the Tully boys were rescued from the Sioux and brought to the Fort. Col. Snelling took John and my father,





"Andrew, the younger of the two. Everyone became interested in the orphans, and we loved Andrew as if he had been our little brother. John died, some two years after his arrival at the Fort, and Mrs. Snelling asked me last fall if a tombstone had been placed at his grave, as she requested during a visit to her old home some years ago. She said she had received a promise that it would be done and seemed quite disappointed when I told her that it had not been attended to.

"In the fall of 1824 our family all went to visit friends in New England. I was then five years old, and to this day, I never pass over the railroad from Mendota to St. Paul without gazing at the flag as long as I can see it, as I did from the deck of the keel-boat nearly fifty years ago, and there always comes over me the same sense of sadness as it fades from my view, as was experienced by me so long ago when I lost sight of it for the first time in my life.

"At Prairie du Chien we took steamer for New Orleans where we embarked on the sailing vessel, 'Crawford', for New York. We had a long and dangerous voyage; were out of sight of land twenty-seven days, encountering a fearful storm off Cape Hatteras, whose crimson light, like the great red eye of some monster, glaring at us through the gloom, when we were every moment expecting to be engulfed, made an ineffaceable impression on me. How clearly now I recall my mother's quiet, composed manner during that dreadful time, going from one to the other, soothing and quieting our fears, assuring us of God's watchful care over us, telling us how He held the winds in the hollow of His hand and could at any moment say unto the angry waves, 'Peace, be still.' Then, with the faith of children, we said our evening prayer, and feeling that our dear Heavenly Father was above us and our parents near us, we slept as sweetly and securely as in our beds at home.

"After two days the storm lulled and we reached New York in safety, where we were regarded with interest as having survived the trials of a western life and the perils of an ocean voyage. We brought with us little Andrew, of course, and the recital of his touching story so interested the friends who heard it that they begged him of my father who reluctantly yielded him to a benevolent society who desired to educate him to preach the gospel to the murderers of his parents.

"The winter was spent most pleasantly among our dear friends, and in April, in Wallingford, Connecticut, another little daughter was born and named Mary Snelling, after a beloved daughter of my mother's dear friend. Soon after this event, our sister Juliet died in New Haven. At her death bed, my sister Mary, myself and the little dying girl were baptized by the Rev. Harry Croswell of the Episcopal branch of the church. We buried her in the beautiful cemetery beside some little ones of my father's cousin, Mrs. Brewster of that city, and with saddened hearts, set our faces toward our western home by way of the Great Lakes. We reached home in health and safety and, to those who are greedy for reminiscences of Fort Snelling, it may be interesting to know that, through all the discomforts of the journey, with the care of three children, one an infant of six weeks, my mother succeeded in bringing with her a pot of rose geranium, the first, doubtless, that was ever seen so far west of New York. It was in good order and seemed likely to







"thrive and supply the Fort with slips of fragrance, but truth compels me to state that on the day of its arrival, a little son of one of the officers with a spirit of recklessness, not uncommon with boys, in his joy at seeing his old playmates again, completely destroyed the precious treasure by his boisterous movements. Mother had endured a great deal cheerfully, but she used freely to admit that on that occasion she gave way to tears of real sorrow and vexation.

"Soon after this my father and Col. Garland sought and obtained permission to build more commodious quarters for themselves outside the walls of the Fort, and the result was the twin stone houses, lately destroyed but well remembered by all who knew Fort Snelling.

"My mother and Mrs. Garland were very intimate friends, and one of the daughters, now Mrs. General Longstreet of Louisiana, was my favorite playmate of my childhood. I can scarcely pass this period of my mother's life without mentioning Major Lawrence Taliaferro, who has gone down in history as 'the Honest Indian Agent.' He was always a loved and honored guest at our fireside and for a while a member of the family. He was much attached to us all and, just before his death, only a few years since, he wrote a most interesting and affectionate letter to my mother referring with love to his old friend, 'Clark', and acknowledging her many kindnesses which he said, had made his life on the frontier a very happy one.

"We resided rather more than two years in our pleasant, comfortable home. One of our pleasures while there was to take an early ride to Minnehaha (then Little Falls), father, mother, children, returning just as the appetizing breakfast drum was beating. Then too, officers and families had grand picnics at the adjacent lakes, Calhoun and Harriet, both named by our regiment, the latter for Mrs. Leavenworth, wife of our first commander. We gathered strawberries too, in quantities, on the site of the recently united cities (Minneapolis and St. Anthony). They were particularly abundant on a pretty bluff on the East Side, on which now stands the home of Mr. Richard Chute. After fishing and gathering our dessert, it was customary to take what we had secured to the old government mill where the miller's wife prepared a feast for us while we rested from our foraging. And lest we should be surfeited with these enjoyments, there were various Indian scares to vary the monotony, obliging us for weeks to sleep within the walls of the Fort, and for a long time afterwards to have guards posted about the house at night.

"Dear Mother was physically much afraid of the Indians, but had great moral courage and always faced danger from principle. I recall one night when an alarm was sounded by beating the dreadful Long-roll. Father of course hastened to his company. There were rumors of a Sioux outbreak. We did not know how near they were, and being outside the walls, felt we were in danger. Mother, knowing that Father would doubtless be sent with his company against the savages, felt she must prepare him for a march. As we lay in bed, much disturbed and anxious, we saw her go quietly to work packing his haversack and arranging his portmanteau. On his return to the house they exchanged a few hurried words of cheer and encouragement, and having buckled on his sword and hung his haversack and portmanteau in their appropriate places, she embraced him fondly and bade him 'God speed'. When the door closed upon him, she came to our bedside, kissed and comforted us, and committing the dear father to the car of the Almighty, lay down near us and waited for the morning.





"In two days Father returned safely and in good spirits. The enemy had been quelled without bloodshed and all was quiet. He amused us all very much by relating that the major in command of the expedition had taken so much of something or other to keep out the cold, that it was impossible for him to keep awake, and Father had been obliged frequently to arouse him to prevent his falling off his horse, and to make him give the word of command.

"While living in this house we witnessed the 'Running the Gauntlet' which has been described in a former paper. (See 'Three Score Years and Ten', Ed.) Here many incidents occurred marking the peculiarities of several officers whose names are very familiar to most of the readers of these 'Annals' which I hope some day to record for the benefit of the Historical Society. We became much attached to our home and it was with real sorrow that we read the order for Father to report immediately with his company at Prairie du Chien to assist in quelling some Indian disturbances. So we left our pleasant home with tears and never, as a family, returned to it again.

"After remaining a year at Fort Crawford, in accordance with another order we went to Nashville, Tenn., Father having been detailed on recruiting service. This was indeed an agreeable change from Prairie du Chien where Mother had been sick nearly all the time; indeed she always had a dread of that locality and said she thought if she should pass it in the dark, not knowing where she was, she would be seized with ague. The year in Nashville was delightful. Father was very happy to be able to place all of us at the fine schools in that city and to secure very pleasant rooms for us at the Nashville Inn, the home of General Jackson and his wife, when they left their beloved Hermitage to come to the city, either for business or pleasure. As this was the year of his election to the presidency (1828) he spent much time there and drew around him many friends and admirers, male and female, not only from Tennessee but from North Carolina and elsewhere. They almost worshipped the 'old hero', and labored incessantly for his success. All this excitement made a very gay household and my mother enjoyed it much.

"There were many elegant and accomplished ladies there, and the dinners were conducted strictly according to rule; the grandiloquent style prevailed. General Gaines, with his stiff, precise manners was there, and I can almost hear him now, as I write of it, saying in slow measured tone, 'May I have the honor of a glass of wine with you, Mistress Stokes?' Oh, that was a goodly company, and he who was a sort of demi-god among them, won my heart by the tenderness and reverence with which he invariably treated his wife, the beloved of his soul, whose appearance was in striking contrast to those stately dames who hung upon his words and bent to him as to a superior being. All their elegance and eloquence had not the power over him that one word from that plain looking old lady had, and his stern, grand face had a softened light in it for her that shone there for no other.

"After dinner it was the custom of the ladies to repair to the drawing room where they spent the time in chatting and snuffing. Their peculiar mode of using the exhilarating dust may not be known to all. Most of the ladies had pretty, ornamental snuff boxes, each furnished with a sort of tooth brush, made of a tender twig of soft wood, the end of which





"was prepared by chewing. When these boxes were produced it was customary to pass them to those who had none, with the mystical question, 'Do you snuff or rub?' which I learned by observation meant, 'Do you take it into your nose or rub your teeth with it?' The exceptions to the snuffers and rubbers were Mrs. Jackson and my mother, the former of whom smoked quietly in the corner, while the latter, in her refined ladylike manner, sat beside her with her knitting, talking of things interesting to matrons and housekeepers. A few months afterwards we stood on the piazza of the hotel and waved adieux to the tall form of the Hero of New Orleans on a gaily decorated steamer, fast receding down the Cumberland River, bearing him to Washington to be our president. The enthusiasm of the people was almost past belief; cheers rent the air, and a parrot, a thorough-going Democrat, almost deafened us with his shrill and continued cry of 'Hurray for Jackson!' One lady said to another, in a voice choking with emotion as the boat passed out of sight, 'He kissed me and I shall not wash my face for a month.'

"Notwithstanding all this triumph and adulation, Mr. Hero's heart was sad, for his beloved Rachel, who had been to him more than all the world beside, had been taken from him, and he was very desolate. Instead of accompanying him to the White House, she had gone with the Invisible Messenger to her Father's house of many mansions, and instead of wearing the gaudy robes prepared for her by injudicious friends, she was walking the Golden Streets arrayed in the pure white robes of the redeemed.

"Our next move was to Smithland, Ky. where another daughter was born. Soon after, Father was ordered to join his regiment at Green Bay, Fort Howard, but obtained leave of absence long enough to take us all to Cincinnati and establish us comfortably in a home of our own, with a view to giving his children better educational advantages than were obtainable at a frontier post. This first separation of our parents was very painful to all. Father visited us as often as possible during our four years' residence there, but at the end of that time, just after the Black Hawk war, he having been in command at Fort Howard during that trouble with the Sacs and the Foxes, was ordered with his regiment to Fort Winnebago, and came to Cincinnati for his family, from whom he felt he could no longer be separated.

"On this journey we again stopped at Prairie du Chien and were guests of Col. Zachary Taylor. A week was spent with this charming family, very pleasantly, but a few days after we left them we learned with pain that Lieut. Jefferson Davis had eloped with Miss Knox Taylor, a beautiful girl whom we all loved and admired. I think he can have few more bitter reflections, now in his wretched old age, than the memory of his having broken the hearts of those fond parents and wrecked the happiness of the whole family. May God pity and forgive him.

"At Fort Winnebago in 1833, my youngest sister was born and the following spring my father took my brother and me east, placing my brother at West Point and me at New Haven at school.

"In February 1836, just after my return from school, our dear father died, worn out with hardship and exposure endured in the service of his country, sincerely mourned by his fellow soldiers who all loved and honored him, while to his family his loss seemed too heavy to be borne. Soon







"after this terrible bereavement, in conformity with his dying advice, my marriage took place. His confidence in my affianced husband was such that he was sure that he would be a reliable protector to the widow and fatherless.

"As early in the spring as practicable, my mother took her invalid daughter to New Haven for the advantage of sea bathing and the best medical skill the country offered, and on her return to the west, settled herself with her three little girls in her home in Cincinnati where she bravely set herself to work to carry out Father's oft-expressed wish that his children should all have an education which would fit them for any sphere in life they might be called to occupy. This wish of his which was also her own, my mother fully carried out although it involved much labor and self sacrifice on her part, which she met, as she had always met difficulty of any kind, with cheerfulness and courage.

"After this was accomplished and her daughters were married and settled in life, she broke up housekeeping and divided her time among her children. Several years were spent with a beloved daughter among the coal mines up the Big Sandy River, Kentucky. It was a beautiful home and she was very happy there with her children and grandchildren. But after a few restful years there, her dear daughter died, leaving three little children. For these motherless ones she felt an intense love, and when in a few years the two youngest joined their dear mother in Heaven, her heart fixed itself on the remaining one, and as long as she lived, this child, now Mrs. Palmer of Colorado, was dearer to her than her life. All her trials and griefs seemed sanctified to her. She grew more spiritual, and her conversation dwelt much on the dear ones in Heaven, and the dear Savior who had taken them in His loving arms. She realized the full force of the Savior's legacy - 'In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace.' And so, denying herself, she took up her cross daily and followed Him.

"After the breaking up of the Kentucky home, her time was spent in Cincinnati with her daughter, Mary (Mrs. T. D. Lincoln); in Flushing, L. I. with her daughter, Ellen (Mrs. William P. Mellen); and in St. Anthony with us. Always bright and cheerful, she took the liveliest interest in passing events, expressing delight and astonishment at the wonderful developments and improvements of the age. Her love for that branch of the church with which she had been so long connected, increased and intensified, while at the same time she entertained a most loving, liberal spirit toward all Christians who favored other branches of the church militant.

"Four years ago last August she received a terrible shock in the death of her only and well beloved son, Malcolm, who was murdered in Montana by Blackfoot Indians, under most agonizing circumstances. She was with us that summer. The news had come by telegraph and there was a sound of grief in the house, suppressed for the sake of the dear stricken mother who was upstairs in her room unconscious of coming grief. The dispatch was put into my hands that I might break to her the rending news. She must have realized that something was wrong, for as I started upstairs she came out of her room and said, 'What is it, child? Is anything the matter?' I said, 'Yes, dear Mother,





"please go into your room and I will come to you." Our oldest son who bore his uncle's name, had been murdered in California some years before, and when she asked, with her eyes alone, as I passed into her room, what troubled us all, I said, 'It is your Malcolm this time, Mother.' 'What? Dead?!', said she. I placed the message in her hand, she read it without a tear, but that moan of a broken heart sounds in my ears to this day. I could see the lines deepen in her dear face, and there came a look upon it I never saw there before. Fearing her mind would give way under such an intense strain, as soon as I could command my voice, I talked to her of my brother, of his bright merry boyhood and of his loving ways. 'Oh, yes', said she, 'My bright-eyed little boy who loved his only mother, as he used to call me so tenderly.' Then came the blessed tears, and placing her tenderly on the bed, I talked to her of him and of the children he had left, and then she prayed for sustaining grace and for strength to help and comfort these bereaved ones. I found that this interest in his children would save her, and as we sent immediately for them, in a few days she put herself aside, as was her wont, and began to look forward with real pleasure to seeing them and helping to train them for usefulness. In time she recovered her usual cheerfulness. Her form which had hitherto been erect and almost girlish, was bent with age; her step, always so elastic, became slower and more uncertain, and though her spirit, by God's grace, rose above her fiery trial, her flesh failed gradually and sensibly from that time. She still, however, continued to visit her children from time to time, and a year ago last October she went with me to visit her daughter, Mrs. Lincoln, in Cincinnati, with whom she passed a most delightful winter. Everything was done to make her last days happy and comfortable. She enjoyed wonderfully some charming interviews with her friend, Mrs. Snelling. The two old saints, just waiting for their Master's call, talked of their varied experiences and felt, no doubt, that not a long time would elapse before they would converse together beside 'the river that makes glad the City of our God.'

"Mother wrote us loving letters, always bright and hopeful, never forgetting her friends here, especially the little church to which she was deeply attached and the last with which she really united. She had a reverential affection for its rector, Reverend George L. Chase, and the fact of his being a relative of her first and dearly beloved pastor deepened this feeling very much.

"Whenever her strength permitted, she attended an Episcopal church very near her daughter's home, led thither by a little Catholic grandson who called for her regularly on his return from Mass. I dwell with real pleasure on the peace of that last winter, and thank God from my heart for that rest in the land of Beulah vouchsafed to my precious mother.

"It had been her wish for some time to visit her children who had moved from Flushing to Colorado. She had prayed that this might be but only if God willed it. She said to me during a precious visit of one week which I made to her last winter, 'I should like much to see dear Queenie (her pet name for her favorite grandchild) in her beautiful home and to visit dear Ellen and her little ones once more, but I leave it all in God's hands, and am sure He will do just right, for only see how mercifully He has always dealt with me, bringing about, in a way I did not expect, mercies and blessings innumerable.' When last June she received





"a letter from her grandson, General Palmer, saying he was just starting from Philadelphia with a very pleasant excursion party for Colorado, and desired earnestly that she should join them at Columbus, she seemed struck with awe at this manifest answer to her prayer. She sat silently with the letter in her hand as if she would fain now sing her 'Nunc Dimittis' as her last wish was about to be accomplished. With a thankful heart she entered with interest into the preparations for her journey. Her daughter, Mrs. Lincoln, accompanied her to Columbus where they spent the day. During all these precious hours she conversed freely and cheerfully, saying many things by way of cheer and counsel for her children which one might say from a dying bed. She was calmly happy and left sweet loving messages for all."

(Editor's Note: General William J. Palmer was the founder of Colorado Springs. As one enters the town on the main motor highway from the north, a large equestrian bronze statue of him is seen at the entrance of the main park.)

"General Palmer received her at my sister's hands and her journey westward was thoroughly comfortable and enjoyable. She reached her destination, Colorado Springs, without fatigue, feeling as she said, perfectly well but very weak, yet she was able to ride about and see many points of interest in that enchanting neighborhood. She was very happy in seeing about her her children, grandchildren and great-grandchild, and during those last days her cup of happiness was full. She dwelt on God's wonderful goodness to her and expressed her heartfelt gratitude for all His mercies.

"On the evening of the 10th of July, as her daughter was making her comfortable for the night, she seemed much more feeble than usual, and my sister, feeling very uneasy about her, went several times in the night into her room which connected with her own, but always found her resting quietly and as peacefully as an infant. In the morning, entering her room earlier than usual, she found her dear mother up and dressed, sitting by the window in an easy chair reading the hymn beginning, 'Rise, my soul and stretch thy wings' etc. It was her hour of private devotion and she observed it faithfully to the last. After breakfast which was brought to her, and which she relished as well as usual, she, with my sister's help, arranged her work table, writing desk, etc., putting all in perfect order, and spent the morning knitting, and talking with her daughter. After her dinner had been served and eaten, she said she thought it was really strange that in her enfeebled state she could still relish her meals and feel not the least inconvenience from them.

"In a little while her daughter assisted her out onto the piazza, where, with her book and knitting she sat a while, quiet and busy. At last, putting both aside, she looked up with a sweet, sad smile which seemed to say, 'I have done.' And still a little longer she sat there and spoke of the beautiful home which God had permitted her to see. But the angel whom God had sent to bring His aged servant to a still more beautiful one, hovered over her. The Bridegroom had come and she went forth to meet him.

"My sister noticed in her dear face the unmistakable signs of apoplexy, and with the aid of her nurse, placed her on her bed. As she was lying







"down she pointed to photographs of two of her grandchildren, made some loving remark with regard to them, and then all power of speech left her. Remedies were promptly administered, physicians sent for, one of whom remained till all was over, but all in vain. Gradually consciousness failed and the next evening she fell into a sweet, quiet sleep which lasted twenty-four hours, during which she peacefully breathed her life away. Thus gently and painlessly did she pass over the River which all must cross, and we doubt not that, all her journeyings done, her trials ended, she had joined the innumerable throng 'whose garments are made white in the blood of the Lamb. She shall never hunger any more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on her nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the Throne shall feed her and God shall wipe away all tears from her eyes.'

"On a calm summer evening, just as the sun was sinking behind the hills, loving hands laid the beloved form to rest on a green hillside in Glen Eyrie. Bishop Randall of Colorado performed the last solemn rites, and as the sublime words, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord, whosoever believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live,' echoed through that beautiful canyon, methinks the mourning children must have felt that our precious mother was not dead, but had put on immortality, had triumphed over death and the grave, and had attained that blessed rest that remaineth for all the people of God. "

Minneapolis, December 1873

(Note: She died July 12, 1873, aged 79.)





Malcolm



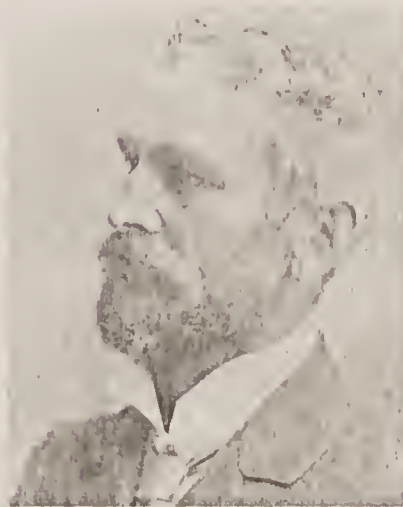
Elizabeth



Seymour



Edward (Mort)



Sam



Paul



John



Carl





## MALCOLM CLARK VAN CLEVE (7)

Malcolm was born February 12, 1838, a year after the Van Cleves arrived in Flat Rock, Michigan, not far from Detroit, where the family bought a home and remained for several years, the young father doing surveying work.

There was every reason, as far as Charlotte was concerned, for naming their first son Malcolm Clark, for she remembered so tenderly her only brother, Malcolm, with whom she had played in their childhood days at Fort Snelling, and with whom she had one day gone hunting a wolf. This was a cold winter day and they had rushed off to follow the wolf tracks, not prepared for the cold. When her hands began to get cold Malcolm insisted on giving her his cap and mittens, saying, "Boys can stand the cold better than girls." This story and the account of their going out to hunt strawberries together are both given in her "Three Score Years and Ten".

Early in 1858 Malcolm went to New York with his friend Clifford Thompson who had lived with the Van Cleves since their coming to Long Prairie, and the two young men there decided to go to California to seek their fortunes. They lived in California several years; the battle of Stone River had been fought and General Van Cleve had been wounded. At this point, as Mrs. Van Cleve writes in the manuscript of their life, "A letter from California, written by an entire stranger, told me of the death by violence of our oldest son, Malcolm, who, on his way home had reached Santa Clara, where a miserable drunken man had taken his young life, just as he came down from the rooms of the Temperance Organization of which he was an active member."

His death was in 1863, in his 25th year. Meanwhile his father was being invalided home from the battle of Stone River, and the news was kept from him until his wife could tell him.

No further information on Malcolm is available, nor whether his murderer was ever apprehended.

## ANNA HOUSTON VAN CLEVE (7)

Anna was born at Cincinnati in 1840 when the Van Cleves were operating a young ladies' seminary there. She was married in 1857 in New Haven, Connecticut, at the home of her aunt Mary Ann and her husband, Professor Gibbs of Yale, to Mortimer Thompson, known in the literary world as "Doe-sticks". Grandmother Charlotte says of him, "Mr. Thompson, a young man of more than ordinary talent and acquirements, was established in New York as a journalist and author." They set up housekeeping in Brooklyn. It was in 1859 that news came, without warning, of "Nanny's" death at the birth of her baby boy, Mark. Grandmother took him and nursed him, along with her own son, born the same year. (See John Risley, below.)

## CHARLOTTE SEYMOUR VAN CLEVE (7)

Charlotte was born in 1842 in Daveiss Prairie, Missouri, after the Van Cleves had left their promising school in Cincinnati to look after the interests of his sister, Louisa, now the widow of his former fellow





lieutenant, C. C. Daveiss, of Fort Winnebago days. This little girl, named for her mother's mother, lived only a few weeks.

After their return from Missouri to Flat Rock, Michigan, when the work for their bereaved sister was finished, the Van Cleves had born to them two little daughters who lived but a few months each, as follows:

MARGARET ELLEN VAN CLEVE (7)

She was born March 5, 1844 and died June 16, 1844.

MARY ISABEL VAN CLEVE (7)

She was born September 29, 1845 and died January 8, 1846.

\* \* \* \* \*

ELIZABETH ARCHER VAN CLEVE (7)

by Florence Hall Macintyre

"Elizabeth was born in 1846 in Ypsilanti, Mich., at a time when Horatio was managing a farm for his brother, John. In 1865 she married William Wisner Hall of Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

"William, born in Honolulu in 1841, was the son of Edwin Oscar Hall and Sara Williams Hall. He died in Honolulu in 1910. His father, E. O. Hall, was a printer who came to Honolulu in 1835 with his bride, sailing around Cape Horn in the Brigantine, Hellespont from Boston, Mass. They were sent by the Congregational Board of Foreign Missions, to the mission in Hawaii, established in 1820.

"William Hall attended the Royal School in Honolulu and Oahu College. He was born in the mission, in the two story frame house brought around the Horn from Boston and in which mission families (sometimes two or three) lived. It is still standing in the Mission premises next to the historic Kawaiahao Church, the first stone church built for Christians in Honolulu. The printing house, built of coral blocks, is next door.

"In the early 1850's E. O. Hall established a 'Hardware and Ship Chandlery', a business catering to the whaling vessels which wintered each year in Hawaiian waters, and also sold tools and house wares. At this time he was no longer connected with the Mission. When his son, William, reached maturity he offered him the choice of entering college or a trip to Europe. He chose the latter, and it was on his way back to Hawaii on this trip, in 1864, that he stopped in Minnesota to visit his cousins on his mother's side, William and Louise Williams Noble who were related to General and Mrs. H. P. Van Cleve. In their home William met their daughter, Elizabeth, and became engaged to her after he and Mrs. Van Cleve had visited the General in his headquarters in Murfreesboro near the close of the Civil War. The visit was probably to get the General's consent to his daughter's going to the far off Sandwich Islands to live. I believe the connection between the two families was through Sophie Williams and her husband Mark Thompson (son-in-law of the Van Cleves) and relatives of the Hall's.





"Elizabeth Van Cleve made her first trip to Honolulu via the Mississippi; then across the Isthmus of Panama by rail; thence by sailing vessel, arriving off port the evening of November 29, 1865. William Hall and Elizabeth Van Cleve were married at the Nuuanu Valley home of the Hall family on December 26, 1865. The Nuuanu Hall property consisted of several acres on the main residential street leading from downtown Honolulu up the valley through a pass to the northern side of the island of Oahu. On this property were two one story cottages and a two story home, which were cut and framed in Boston and brought around the Horn in the holds of sailing vessels to Honolulu. (Incidentally, I grew up and was married from the two story home.)

"During the years 1882-1887 the William Halls owned and lived in a residence at Waikiki beach, adjoining the city of Honolulu. That property is now the east, or 'Diamond Head' portion of the Halekulani Hotel property. As this was in the 'horse and buggy' days of the 80's, too far from school and business, it was sold and the family moved back to the paternal home in Nuuanu Valley, E. O. Hall having died and others of his family being married or deceased. This home, the 'Big House' was built in 1854.

"In the early days in Honolulu life was largely centered around the church and related activities, the social life being that of a small town, of definitely New England flavor, (the white population largely originating there) transplanted to a lush and spectacularly beautiful tropical setting. With blue Pacific at its edge and high green mountains (3900 ft.) and valleys with rushing streams at its back, the scenery was breathtaking. The climate, where high mountains shot the warm ocean Northeast Trades to a height, causing clouds to form on mountain tops, was showery on the mountains and deep in the valleys, but on the plains sunny and cooled by the same NE trades continually, and hence healthful and delightful for pleasant comfortable living.

"Culturally it was also New England, the early whites being the product of New England colleges and Divinity schools. By the time Elizabeth Van Cleve arrived, there were good schools, and it is true that early California settlers were obliged to send their children to Honolulu to the Punahou School and college, established in 1841 in Honolulu for the children of the missionaries and others, the alternative then being to send children around the Horn to New England. The U. S. West Coast states indeed had no culture in those days, with only Spanish Mission schools for children of early settlers there. In fact, the first printing press west of the Rocky Mountains was one that E. O. Hall took from his Honolulu mission - a spare one - and sent to a mission of the Congregational Board of Boston for Indians in what is now Idaho. He and his invalid wife went by whaler to the northwest (U.S.) coast, and were met there by a member of the Spalding-Whitman Mission and proceeded by horse and canoe inland. They stayed there a year teaching the missionaries the use of the press, and returned to Honolulu. Fortunately for them, for that Idaho mission was massacred two years later, with few survivors. The press is now in the museum of early days in Salem, Ore.

"Mr. and Mrs. 'Willie' Hall sang in the church choir, and Mr. Hall was clerk of the congregation for over thirty years, until his death.





"Mrs. Hall was leader of the Chatauqua History group here for some years. Their home was a typical island open house for friends and strangers within their gates, for in those days there were few hotels, and with two cottages on their property, they were never without either guests who had their meals in the big house, where efficient Chinese menservants were houseboys, yardboys and cooks, or strangers from the town, for whom open house was provided. Naval officers were always in port as there was always an American vessel here through the monarchy days, even before annexation in 1899 when the base was established at Pearl Harbor, twelve miles from town. These intimate contacts with travelers, and sometimes noted persons of interesting cultural backgrounds, were stimulating to the growing family. Each family had horses for driving and riding in the early days, and even horsecars were not established till the early 80's. Mr. and Mrs. Hall each had a handsome riding horse, and did their recreational riding about the island and even their social visiting on horseback."

\* \* \* \* \*

The following notes on the descendants of William Wisner Hall and Elizabeth Van Cleve Hall are just as furnished by their daughter, Charlotte (8) interlarded by a few editorial notes.

William Sibley (8) b. Jan. 30, 1867; d. in Honolulu Oct. 19, 1868

Horatio Van Cleve (8), after graduating from Punahou School in 1888, entered Oberlin College. He went to Minneapolis to spend his first vacation away from home with his grandparents. While there he contracted pneumonia which proved fatal. (Editor's Note: "Horace" planned to prepare for the ministry.)

Charlotte (8) graduated from Punahou School in 1895 and went on to Minneapolis in time to enter the University of Minnesota in the fall as a Special student. She remained there two years before returning to Hawaii. After being connected with one of the Trust Companies for several years, she took over the genealogical records of the Hawaiian Mission Children's Society. These records are invaluable, not only to the families concerned, but also to the local legal profession. (Editor's Note: The Van Cleve cousins in Minneapolis of course got to know Charlotte very well and enjoyed the experience. She taught us a number of Hawaiian songs. In the university she joined the sorority, Kappa Alpha Theta, to which her cousin, my sister Mary, also belonged. Charlotte lived with her grandmother at the old Van Cleve home, but was often with us, about a block away.)

Theodore Seymour (8) was not very robust as a growing boy, so was sent up to Berkeley, California to stay for a season in the home of friends of the family. This change proved beneficial and Seymour finally made his stay in California permanent. He attended high school in Berkeley and later went on to Harvard where he spent one year before returning to California. A few years ago Seymour became interested in photography to the extent that he has won numbers of awards in photographic organizations. He does all of his work personally and each picture reflects something other than just a lovely or interesting scene.

Edwin Oscar (8) graduated from Harvard in the class of 1904. He married Margaret Brown of Bangor, Maine. Bangor became his permanent residence.





(Editor's Note: Seymour and Edwin both visited us here in Minneapolis during their vacations from Harvard, and we learned to know them well, particularly Edwin, who was here more often. He was a fine fellow, interesting, likable, accomplished. We enjoyed his Hawaiian and college songs, sung to the accompaniment of a Hawaiian stringed instrument, played like a mandolin. He called it a "taro patch fiddle".)

Florence (8) married Malcolm Macintyre who came from Scotland to enter one of our banks (Honolulu). He became the representative of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada in Hawaii. He became locally an authority on Life Insurance and was the life insurance representative in our local legislature. The four Macintyre children are married and live on the mainland while their windowed mother lives in her attractive home in Manoa Valley which is always ready for visits from her children and their families.

Philip Cushman (8) and his wife, May, have made their home in Piedmont, Cal. May Gilmore Hall died March 9, 1958.

Houghton Seymour (9) and his wife Ariana Heaton, live in San Enselmo across the bay from San Francisco. Houghton is connected with a large utility firm with offices and plant situated on the far edge of the city.

Winslow William (9) and his wife, Katherine, live in Piedmont, Cal. with their three children (10). Winslow is connected with the California office of the Dean, Witter financial establishment with an office in San Francisco.

Thomas Seymour Hall (9) and his wife and daughter live in Leominster, Mass., where Tom is a valued associate in an office representing General Electric Co. (?) in that area.

Cornelia Macintyre Foley (9) took up Art at an early age. She attended the University of Washington in Seattle, majoring in art. She went to England in 1930 where she studied in the Slade Art School for a year, then returning to the University of Washington and graduating in 1932. Returning to Honolulu, she taught individual students in her own studio for several years. Her name and her work became well known in our Art Academy which is well known throughout the art world today, under the formal name of the Honolulu Academy of Arts. Having married into the navy, Cornelia has had to change her residential locale periodically in true navy fashion. The Foley family was for some time at Newport, R.I., from thence they moved out west to Coronado, Cal. where Paul has lately been appointed Chief of Staff of U. S. Naval Post Graduate Schools.

Jean Elizabeth Macintyre Meilziner (9), after studying for two years at the University of London, returned to New York City. She gave valuable assistance to her husband in his many fine stage productions where his unique designing and lighting were outstanding features on Broadway. Jean now lives with her daughter, Jennifer, in New York City where Jennifer is attending school.

Margery Seymour Macintyre Rogers (9) has made her home in California since 1936.





Malcolm Neil Macintyre (9) and his wife, Mary-Grey Hufft, spent the first two years of their married life in an army camp in the South before Neil's orders took him overseas as an officer in the Field Artillery. After one year of academic study at Punahou, he attended Culver Military Academy at Culver, Ind. and spent his four years there in the Field Artillery Division, serving as Captain during his senior year. He graduated in 1948 from the University of Michigan and received his M. A. in 1950. After receiving his degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the University of Michigan in 1954, he joined the Department of Anatomy, School of Medicine, Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio where he and his wife and three children now reside.

Jane Seymour Cartwright Montwill (10) lives in Los Angeles, California.





## HORATIO SEYMOUR VAN CLEVE (7)

Horatio Seymour (always called "Seymour") was born March 13, 1849 at Rosedale, Michigan. He died in 1914. His mother, Charlotte, says in her manuscript, that Rosedale was "equidistant from Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor...We called our place Rosedale from the beautiful long wide avenue of roses reaching from the gate to the piazza." Here the family lived for several years, once more conducting a school in their home, preparing students for entrance to the college at Ann Arbor.

It was while they were here that Grandmother's brother, Malcolm Clark, who had married an Indian woman in the west, visited them and left two little half-breed children, a little girl and baby son. She says, "They were warmly welcomed and taken into our hearts as our very own. Their mother was a Blackfoot woman who realized that it was for their good, and was willing to part with them." She adds "They, with a brother and two sisters, who came to us later, have always been very dear to us and have seemed as brothers and sisters to our boys and girls."

The writer of these notes finds nothing in the available records regarding Seymour. While young he married Harriet Hemiup, whose father was known as "Judge Hemiup", as he was a justice of the peace. He owned quite a little property in St. Anthony. Upon his marriage, Seymour became a part of this family which consisted not only of the judge and his wife and daughter, but two unattached sisters of Mrs. Hemiup whose maiden names were Dorinda and Dorilla Dorman. This would seem like a pretty rough situation for a newly married young couple, and I have no doubt it was, particularly as the Hemiup-Dorman women were much on the extrovert order, while Seymour was somewhat of an introvert. Like the other Van Cleve sons, however, he was a humorist, and I hope he was able, at times at least, to see the funny side of his situation. I know that he did spend quite a bit of his time across the street at his parents' house, for the Hemiup menage was at 604 Southeast Fifth Street while the Van Cleves lived at 603. Seymour, like his brothers, belonged to the Masonic orders, and that of course also took him away from home. Perhaps I am inferring too much here about the home situation. I never was in a position to know whether or not it was too distasteful to him.

I remember Judge and Mrs. Hemiup, although rather vaguely, my chief recollection of him being that he had a wooden leg which we children thought of as the result of his honorable contribution to our country's war effort. In later years we were somewhat taken aback to learn that it was the result of a Fourth of July prank. When a youngster, my sister Mary, knowing that the Judge was a member of the I.O.O.F., and knowing of some other member who had some part missing, concluded that a wooden leg, etc., which perhaps made one a little odd, entitled him to become an Odd Fellow, and was a sort of badge of office. My Cousin Pauline Power remembers the Judge as a kindly man who told the children ghost stories.

Harriet was a large woman, as I remember her, and very talkative. Uncle Seymour never seemed to have a chance to say much in her presence. She would talk on at a great rate, and when stopping for breath, would





emit an audible sound which we called "holding the line", so that she might go on without interruption. Sometimes, when she made some statement which Uncle Seymour thought pretty extreme, he would say, "Now Hattie" but I do not recall that she ever retracted much, if any. She was, however, kind hearted and always ready to help in cases of need.

How well I remember that, when I was involved in a pretty serious railroad accident, requiring surgery, Aunt Hattie and her daughter, Charlotte, came to our house and quite took over the responsibilities of our family so that Mother could be with me at the hospital.

Uncle Seymour was still a young man when I came upon the scene, but his hair had turned gray at an early age, and I do not remember him except with white hair and mustache. He was very handsome and dignified, and always dressed more stylishly than any of his brothers. I do not recall that he ever had any regular business. From time to time he was interested in several mechanical devices, more as a promoter than as a manufacturer. As a young man, he had put in some time as a student at the University of Minnesota, but I believe he was never graduated. He was in Cuba, for a while, at the time of the Spanish-American war, presumably in some activity connected with the war. He died in London, about 1914, and his body was cremated, his widow bringing the ashes back for burial in Lakewood Cemetery, Minneapolis.

Seymour and Harriet had two children, a girl and a boy, as follows:

Charlotte Hemiup (8), b. April 13, 1870, d. about 1952. She was rather large, a little on the heavy side, as I remember her and rather handsome without being beautiful. She had a nice personality and a very good contralto voice. She gave recitals occasionally. When rather older than most young people when they are married, she married Joseph Wilcox Jenkins, advertising manager of the London Times. Charlotte and her mother were very active in welfare work among the poor of London during the years of the First World War. After their return to this country, Charlotte and Joe lived in the east where he carried on his own advertising business, for a while associated with his brother-in-law, George Van Cleve.

George Barnes (8), b. December 19, 1875, d. about 1951. He was a pretty well grown young man when the editor was still a boy, and I well remember that he had a fine, nickel-plated bicycle, the kind then called an "ordinary", with a big front wheel and small trailing rear one. I remember that I admired it very much although I didn't get a chance to try it. George joined a fraternity at the University of Minnesota and he seemed to me to cut a pretty wide swath. He was married three times and divorced from the first two wives. The second was Rose Davies, sister of the actress, Marian Davies, by whom he had one daughter, Patricia, now the wife of the actor, Arthur Lake. I believe the Lakes have two children.

George left Minneapolis for New York soon after his college days and was employed in the office of George E. Derrick Advertising Agency where he did very well and, some years later he started the Van Cleve Company in New York City where I visited him on a trip east. The offices were very pretentious, probably too much so, for the business soon closed. After his divorce from his second wife, George went to California, where he had previously lived. He was an invalid at the time of his death, and had been for several years.





## A True Christmas Story

Fairly recently, a little booklet was discovered in the attic of our home here which throws new light, to me at least, on Aunt Harriet, and it has seemed worth copying. It is labeled, "A Christmas Greeting from Harriet Hemiup Van Cleve."

She starts the story with those familiar, well loved verses from St. Luke 2, 10 to 14:

"And the angel said unto them, 'Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David a Savior which is Christ the Lord.'"

She tells of the joy and excitement of Christmas preparations, and the mystery in the heart of a little girl (herself), and says, "I had rubbed the frost from the front window pane and had looked long on one bright particular star, and wondered if this was the star that guided the shepherds through the silent night to the manger bed." She goes on:

"Someone had told me the pretty legend that at twelve o'clock on Christmas night, the cattle in their stalls knelt in adoration. It seemed all blending in with the glorious record of the birthday of the King, and I believed the story and determined to see for myself if Clover, our pretty Jersey cow, of whom I was very fond, one of the pets of my childhood, had been faithful to the tradition.

"I realized that I must keep my secret all to myself, as, with the cold and snow, a Minnesota winter's night was not the very best time for a little girl to go out into the barn. I not only wanted to see Clover in this act of humble adoration, but in case she should fail in her duty, force her into obedience.

"I took the precaution, before retiring, to put my overshoes under the bed and the warmest clothes I could find, near by.

"I heard the clock strike eleven. Fearing to remain in my comfortable bed any longer, as delicious drowsiness was beginning to steal over me, I arose and stole down stairs. It was very dark and very still. I shall never forget how afraid I was.

"There was darkness over all the earth. The barn door was high and hard to unlatch; I tugged away and finally it flew open; the creaking of the hinges sent shivers all over me. I knew where the lantern and matches were kept, but there a new terror arose. Faithful Tim, our Irish coachman (peace to his memory, for he was one of my childhood's best friends), slept upstairs, and if he should hear me he might think I was a burglar, and all the stories of his former bravery, of which he was fond of telling, came flocking to my mind.

"I got the lantern lighted, after what seemed a long time; I was creeping as quietly as possible to Clover's stall when I heard Tim jump out of bed, and fearing he would appear with one of his numerous weapons,





"I cried, 'Tim, oh! Tim. It is just me, come to see if Clover is kneeling as she ought to, Christmas night.' Not unkindly, he answered, 'What is it you are after?' On my repeating it he said, 'Bless your heart, child, what would your mother be after saying?' Tenderly the warm hearted servant raised me in his strong arms and took me to Clover, and there she was, lying down with her knees drawn up under her, and Tim said, 'Bless my heart, child, Clover is a knowing cow, and riverent and respectful like, and sure she is kneeling.'

"I put my arm around her neck with awe, and crowned her with a wreath of holly. I have grown older, and cares and worries have chased the sleep from my weary eyes. I live, over and over, the darkness and the light and the reverent faith of that Christmas night long ago.

"And then came the Christmas dinner, the long table groaning with good things provided, and I can smell the incense of the burning plum pudding, the aroma of the turkey, and see the prettily decorated table, and I can hear again the reverent voice of my grandfather as he thanked God for the unspeakable gift of his Son. Oh! how the dear faces come flocking back to me, Angel faces now.

'For the table-setting  
Fewer are the places,  
Fewer 'round the table  
Grow the dear old faces.

'Round the board, so crowded,  
Wider grow the spaces.  
For the table-setting  
Fewer are the places.

"Like the humble shepherds of old, we must, unquestioning, follow the Star of Faith and Hope which will guide us to the Land Eternal, where we shall find them all again. And if our ears are attuned, we shall hear our Angels' voices among the Choir Invisible, swelling the chorus.

Glory to God in the highest,  
And on earth peace and good will.

\* \* \*

Years come and go, but still we hear  
That angel chorus, sweet and clear,  
And greet with joy and sacred mirth  
The holiest day of earth."





## EDWARD MORTIMER VAN CLEVE (7)

He was always known as "Mort". He was born January 30, 1851 and died April 9, 1924. He was born, as was his next older brother, at Rosedale, Michigan, near Ann Arbor. In 1871 he married Sarah Martindale Adams of Providence, R. I., and their daughter, Mary Adams, was born there in 1874. His wife lived only until 1879 when he brought Mary to Minneapolis. On May 3, 1881 he was married to Mary Seymour Williams, daughter of Judge E. S. Williams of the Cook Country District Bench of Chicago.

Judge Williams had lost his wife when Mary and her younger sister, Grace, were very small girls, and he had been both father and mother to them. He was a very devout Christian gentleman, and the fact that he was an active worker in the Presbyterian Church worked in very well as General Van Cleve and his family were all Presbyterians.

Mort and Mary started married life in Minneapolis, and with little daughter, Mary, lived in a rented house on 8th Avenue, Southeast where the writer was born. This is nextdoor to Andrew Presbyterian Church, of which they became members. General Van Cleve had long been an Elder in the church and was very much interested in its welfare. The new family started at once to work in it.

They had four children born to them:

Horatio Phillips (8) b. 1882

Rebecca Woodbridge (8) b. 1884

Erastus Williams (8) b. 1888 *not married*

Grace Williams (8) b. 1897

Edward Mortimer had had some legal training in a lawyer's office. He had been a member of the first class to be graduated from the University of Minnesota, but had attended only two years, as he felt it necessary to get out and help support the family who were in straitened circumstances after the Civil War. After being married he practiced law with two partners for a short time. For some years he was employed by the American Building and Loan Association in Minneapolis, and in 1899, after a good many months without employment, he went to work for the Minneapolis Board of Education, in the office of the Superintendent of Schools and was in that office until the time of his death.

He followed his father, the General, as an Elder in Andrew Church, and was for many years a Sunday School teacher of boys, whom he held quite spellbound by his many stories relating to the lessons. I speak as a member of that class of thirty or more boys. As near as this writer was able to observe, he was more like his parents in matters of religion than any of his brothers. He was an active Mason, a member of several other Masonic bodies, and took his turn at being master of his lodge (Cataract of Minneapolis), Commander of his commandery (Darius of Minneapolis), and was for some time Grand Recorder of Minnesota Grand Lodge.

Mary Williams Van Cleve was a devout Christian and mother. She took her step-daughter, Mary, right under her wing, and there was never any difference in the way she regarded her and any of her own four





children. All five loved her devotedly because of her love for them and her complete unselfishness.

She was active for many years in women's work at Andrew Church, often president of the missionary society, and superintendent of the primary department of the Sunday School. At the time of her retirement from the Sunday School in 1903, the church paper carried the following paragraph regarding her:

"For many years Mrs. Van Cleve has held this position and put into its duties a devotion and faithfulness that will long remain an inspiration and example to other teachers. To her untiring efforts is largely due the success of this department. She has been faithful in season and out of season, and through her gracious interest in the little ones, has brought the religion of Christ into many homes. She not only made the exercises bright and beautiful, but she visited all the children in their homes, and has been a messenger of joy to many mothers. In appreciation of her labor of love, the officers and teachers of the school presented her on New Year's Day with a beautiful writing desk.

She died January 19, 1947, in her ninety-first year.

In connection with the calling on Sunday School children mentioned in above paragraph, she quite often called on families on the "East Side Flats", a district on low ground along the river, owned by the St. Anthony Falls Waterpower Company, and having quite a few houses which were leased at very low rents. Some of these homes were pretty well flooded in times of high water in the Mississippi.

In the case of one of these families, she learned at one time that the husband was pretty much of a drunken sot and had been beating his wife who complained to her about it. She at once took her part, and her testimony in Municipal Court helped in sending him to the workhouse for 90 days. Because of this incident her husband, my father (quite likely at the suggestion of his brother, Carl), called her "Mild-mannered Mary, the terror of the flats."

The following is quoted from the work on genealogy, done by Allen S. Van Cleve (9) in connection with a high school project:

"I was talking to Grandma (Mrs. M. W. V. C.) in the kitchen as she was preparing supper. Her eyes twinkled as I asked her if she could recall some interesting episodes in her eventful life.

"She went east in 1877 to New Jersey for a short visit. She was then in her teens (she was actually 21 - Ed.), and said she went to the Morristown headquarters of General George Washington. It was a very interesting experience and, to top it off, she danced on the ballroom floor of the headquarters with Paul Revere, grandson of the famous messenger.

"She was twelve and attended a Chicago school (actually 15 - Ed.) at the time of the great Chicago fire of 1871. She and her sister, Grace, were living at Waukegan, Ill., not far from the big city. Well, little Mary and Grace set out with their father for school on Monday morning. As they drew near the city they overheard a passenger near them say that every





"bank in the city had burned down. Judge Williams took this bit of stray information as a joke, for how could all the many banks be burned? But suddenly they saw from the car windows ominous clouds of smoke and angry flames curling skyward. All three were frightened. As soon as they came near the city, they watched excited people with bundles of household belongings, running away from the scene of terror.

"Immediately upon arrival of their train at the station, Judge Williams set his two little girls upon another train bound homeward. A few days later, when they were allowed by their father to again visit the city, a deplorable sight met their eyes. Everything was burned and charred. Ashes and dying embers, stones and massless hulks filled the streets. Grandma said she was unable to keep her direction as all signs and familiar landmarks had been burned to the ground. It was a great black waste, and she and her sister shuddered at the sight, as did many other visitors.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Grandmother taught a Bible class at Harriet Walker Hospital (outgrowth of Bethany Home) here in Minneapolis, for fifteen years. Her faithfulness and the love she gave to the women were rewarded by a fine gold wrist-watch, a token of gratitude for her services.

"Today she is as cheery as ever. It is hard for her to get around because of a leg injury received some years ago when she fell down stairs, but she still wants to do more than her share of the housework. She is very thoughtful of others, has a wide range of friends, and is loved by everybody. All around, she is a very nice Grandma. December 27, 1934."

Mary Adams Van Cleve (8), b. 1874, d. 1957, was educated in the schools of Minneapolis and the University of Minnesota where she received a B. A. degree. She took an active part in her sorority, Kappa Alpha Theta. Her life work was secretary to the dean of the Geology Department of the university, a position she held for thirty-four years. She made friends of the students of that department, forming friendships that lasted the rest of her life. Representing the dean, she wrote many letters to prospective employers of geology students which resulted in getting them into desirable positions. She corresponded with them after they were out in the field, and kept scrap books of pictures of them and their families as they came along. The staff members of the department much admired her.

At the time of her death, one of the former students sent a card of sympathy which tells of the friendship of the students for her, and ends with: "Though her soul is now with God, the memories of her life will always be a vibrant inspiration to many of her 'geology boys'." He sent a purple orchid to be held in her hand at her funeral.

Horatio Phillips Van Cleve (8), b. 1882, went through the grade schools in Minneapolis and was graduated from the high school as valedictorian of his class. He finished the University of Minnesota with the degree of Civil Engineer, and at once started an engineering career that continued for the rest of his business life except for twelve years





he served as Second Ward Alderman of the City of Minneapolis, and for the succeeding years in which he has been in the real estate business.

He has been an active churchman and has served a good many terms as Elder in several Presbyterian churches. His engineering work, mostly in connection with bridge construction and design, has taken him to many parts of the country. He has been Assistant Engineer of Harrington, Howard and Ash, consulting bridge engineers of Kansas City, Missouri, and Chief Engineer of J. Edward Ogden Company of New York.

He has four children - one girl and three boys. (See below.)

During his years as alderman he served three years as District Director in the annual Community Fund campaign, and three years as "General" of the Southeast Division in the Y. M. C. A. finance drives. He was first president of the University District Improvement Association. For nine years he was Purchasing Agent for Crown Iron Works Company of Minneapolis.

In 1954 and 1955 he was chairman of the construction committee of a \$150,000 Sunday School building for his church, Oliver Presbyterian of Minneapolis. At the end of 1955 he was retired from Crown Iron Works Company and has since been in real estate sales for Stiehm Investment Company.

Horatio (8) was first married to Leslie Allen of East St. Louis, Ill. Their children are:

Leslie Allen (9) (daughter), b. 1911, not married. She is personnel manager for an advertising agency in New York City. She lives with her friend, Evalyn Schaller, at Merrick, N. Y.

John Woodbridge (9), b. 1914, married Ethel Dannenmeier. They have three children: John Walter (10), Julia Ann (10) and Mark David (10). John (9) is a PhD and chemist for the Northern Laboratory of the Department of Agriculture at Peoria, Ill.

Allen Seymour (9), b. 1918, married Lois Dame. They have four children: Dale Gordon (10), Geoffrey Scott (10), John Allen (10) and Deborah Alice (10). Allen (9) is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Chipewa Falls, Wisconsin, his second church.

Horatio Phillips (9), b. 1919, like his father always called Ray, is a Doctor of Medicine and one of the staff doctors and owners of the Austin Clinic, Austin, Minn. He formerly practiced at Dodge Center, Minn. He married Elizabeth Tupper of Minneapolis. They have two children: Edward Allen (10) and Elizabeth Leslie (10). He was once mayor of Dodge Center, Minn.; is active in the Congregational Church of Austin.

Horatio (8) married, second, to Audrey Charlotte Wells, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Paris E. Wells. Dr. Wells was a Presbyterian minister, and after being pastor of several small churches, he was appointed Synodical Superintendent of Evangelism for the State of North Dakota. This work included holding evangelistic meetings at many points in the state, and he was very successful in building up and strengthening many weak churches.





When a very small girl, Audrey developed a noticeable ability to sing hymns, and when eight years old began to sing solos in her father's meetings. One of the first she remembers is "His eye is on the sparrow". She became quite a feature in his services. As time went by, she not only sang but played for the song services, with 300 to 800 people singing. She was a material help to him in his work for about twelve years. After his activity as Synodical Superintendent was over, Dr. Wells was pastor of several churches and Audrey became his unpaid secretary, taught Sunday School classes, led junior choirs and directed young peoples' societies.

In 1942 Dr. Wells died and Audrey had the support of her mother and herself. She naturally turned to the work of a church secretary and was first employed in that work by Andrew Presbyterian Church of Minneapolis, the church in which the writer was an Elder. It just happened that Andrew had no pastor at the time, and I was appointed by the session to supervise the work of the newly appointed secretary. It turned out to be a lifetime job, although just who is supervising whom is a little hard to determine. To the writer, at least, it is satisfaction plus.

Rebecca Woodbridge Van Cleve (8), b. 1884, was educated in the schools of Minneapolis where she finished high school as valedictorian of her class. After one year in the University of Minnesota, she was married to Rev. James H. Nicol, and in 1905 they were sent by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church as missionaries to Syria (now Lebanon), from which they were retired in 1948. Since their return to America they have lived in an apartment in their son-in-law's and daughter's home in Ithaca, N. Y. Their son-in-law is Professor Frederick Erdman of Cornell University. The Nicols have five daughters and one son. (See below.)

In the spring of 1914 the Nicols returned to America on furlough and, after their year here, were not able to leave for Lebanon because the First World War had begun and civilians were not allowed visas. After much delay, Mr. Nicol did get back as a Red Cross Major in charge of relief work under the Near East Relief. His family was not allowed to return until 1919.

At the time of the Second World War the Nicols were at home again on furlough. This time he got back to the Near East by crossing the Pacific but she was not allowed to go. After a long time and after the war was over, she finally got permission to leave this country, but not by normal routes of travel, including passage through the Mediterranean. She was finally able to get a flight to South America, thence by military plane, to Dakar on the African coast and then, after weeks of waiting, across the Sahara by truck, finally met by her husband in Lebanon. What added to her difficulty was the fact that she had fallen on an icy street while on her way to make a missionary address in Iowa, and was only partly recovered from the injury.

One of Mr. Nicol's associates in the Near East writes of him: "Still known as Major Nicol, after more than a quarter of a century in those Jerusalem circles where the work of the Near East Relief is remembered, Mr. Nicol has otherwise abandoned all titular description, preferring the plain sobriquet, Mr. Mr. Nicol has meant a very great deal to the cause of Christian and missionary cooperation in the Near and Middle East; probably no one man has done more to promote the interests of the Near East





"Christian Council. Mr. James Nicol has been one of God's good gifts to the missionary cause of this part of the world."

#### THE NICOL CHILDREN

Mary Williams Nicol (9), b. 1906, m. Frederick Erdman, Engineering Professor, Cornell University. They have five children: Barbara (10), m. David Blais, lieutenant in the Air Force, and they have three children: Kendrick David (11), Steven Erdman (11), and Karen Elizabeth (11). The other four Erdman children are: Carol (10), Frederick (10) who married Janet Booth and has one son, Robert Seward (11), Elizabeth (Betsy) (10) and Constance (Connie) (10).

Barbara Henderson Nicol (9), b. 1908, d. March 13, 1935 (her birthday). After graduation from a long nursing course here in this country, Barbara went to Lebanon as a missionary nurse. While helping to prepare a celebration for a retiring nurse, she contracted pneumonia and died very suddenly while her parents were both in this country. She was much loved by the staff of her hospital, a wing of which was named in her honor.

Elizabeth Howden Nicol (9), b. 1910, has devoted her life to welfare work in Chicago, Milwaukee and in cities of the east.

Catherine Alison Nicol (9), b. 1912, married Arthur Lanckton, who became an official of the Standard Oil Company. He has represented his company in Greece and other European countries, and in Constantinople, and has usually had his family with him. Their children are: Alison Daphne (10), Arthur Van Cleve (10), Barbara Nicol (10).

Edward Van Cleve Nicol (9), b. 1916, married Mary Chewey. They have one daughter, Susan (10). Edward has been in welfare work for some years. During the Second World War he was in military service with American forces in Africa. He is now employed by the Social Security department of the government.

Margaret Grace Nicol (9), b. 1918, married Dr. Stanley Gutelius. Their children are: Stanley (10), Mary (10), James (10), Catherine (10) and Barbara (10).

\* \* \* \* \*

Erastus Williams Van Cleve (8), b. 1888, always called "Will", got his early education from his mother, as he was blind almost from birth. Later on, he attended the School for the Blind in Faribault, Minn. where, in addition to other studies, he learned piano tuning, and he has been a piano tuner all his life. He has always been much interested in Andrew Presbyterian Church, of which he has for many years been a Deacon. He is now an Elder.

Grace Williams Van Cleve (8), b. 1897, was educated in the schools of Minneapolis and at Carleton College, Northfield, Minn. where she was awarded Magna Cum Laude honors. She had to have all her reading done for her,





as she has had little or no sight, although she saw a little as a small girl. For some years she was a teacher at the School for the Blind in Faribault and has since been a very successful teacher and adviser at the school conducted by the Minneapolis Society for the Blind. She is active in Andrew Church, where she has taught Sunday School and been president of the Wilma Eustice (Westminster) Guild. For some years she was an Elder in the church, and is of course still an Elder, although not now serving on the Session.

#### SAMUEL HOUSTON VAN CLEVE (7)

He was born May 21, 1853 at Ann Arbor, Michigan where his parents were conducting preparatory schools for Michigan University; he, one for boys and she, one for girls. He was given the middle name, Agnew, for one of his father's students whom his parents liked very much, but some time later this student disgraced himself by drunkenness, and Sam's middle name was changed to Houston.

When he was a little boy of eight, the family moved to Long Prairie, Minnesota. Fort Sumter was fired on; his father volunteered, was accepted and sent south with his regiment, the Second Minnesota. The war was on. One night young Sam went into his mother's room, much worried about his father's safety, and said "Mother, won't you pray for Father?" Little did he know how much she was doing that already, but he was comforted by her prayer with him.

As a boy, and throughout his life, Sam had a good sense of humor, as did all the brothers who enjoyed most jokes on themselves as well as upon others. He did not, however, seem to think it a joke that his mother had, at one time, let down his trousers which had become too short, by sewing sections onto the bottoms of the legs which he, and no doubt the other boys, called "ruffles". This was just a little too much for him to take.

After graduating from the schools of St. Anthony (the name until 1872 of the city east of the river, united that year with Minneapolis), Sam went to Honolulu, H. I. to visit his sister, Elizabeth (7) (Lizzie), who had married William W. Hall of that city only seven years before. He was then eighteen and he stayed there five years and worked with his brother-in-law in Hall's Hardware Store, a long established store there. At the close of this period he came back home and then entered Columbia University Medical School where he received his education as a doctor. Returning once more to Minneapolis, he started his medical practice in the Chute Block still in existence on East Hennepin Avenue, a few blocks from where the Van Cleves have lived so long. (Some weeks ago the writer went to call on Dr. Pratt, an eye-ear-nose and throat specialist, well known in the city, and he told me that Dr. Sam had had an office next to his. Ed.)

For a while Dr. Sam was City Physician of Minneapolis, and for a while also he lived at Aitken, sent by the State of Minnesota to care for a smallpox epidemic in the lumber camps.





The experience in which he became the best known was his general medical practice in Mantorville, Minnesota. This town is in the center of a good farming area and the doctor covered many miles visiting the sick with horse and buggy. It is only a few miles from this town to the world famous Mayo Clinic at Rochester and Dr. Sam became favorably known to the Mayo brothers with whom he had a good deal of contact. He later established a practice in St. Cloud, Minnesota, and while there was an Elder in the Presbyterian Church. He was a member of the Blue Lodge.

Sam married Ida Wilson of Minneapolis, b. May 8, 1854, d. Nov. 9, 1938, an active member of Andrew Presbyterian Church to which he had belonged since boyhood. Ida's sister, Edith, a talented organist, at one time was the church organist at Andrew. Dr. Sam died in November 1912. Ida's sister, Helen ("Aunt Nell"), Mrs. John Schwartz, wrote the story on "Kate Noonan". See page 45.

Ida Wilson was born in Minneapolis in a house on the west bank of the Mississippi where the Great Northern Railway station is now located. At fifteen she went to school in St. Paul, and later to the Norwood Hall Female Seminary. At this time the Wilson family lived on Eighth Avenue Southeast in Minneapolis in a house between Fifth and Sixth Streets in what was then "Dudley Row". Later she went to normal school at Oswego, New York, and taught school there, after which experience she came back to Minneapolis to teach at Marcy School, the school where the writer started in the first grade. Her daughter, Pauline, was later to teach in the same school. While teaching at Marcy Ida sang in the choir of Andrew Presbyterian Church.

After her marriage to Dr. Sam Van Cleve in 1882 the family moved to Duluth where they lived a short time. During their life at Mantorville, reported above, Ida taught a big Sunday School class of girls and was a member of a study club which was under the State Federation of Women's Clubs. After the doctor's death in 1912 the family, which included two girls and a boy, moved to the old Van Cleve home at 603 Southeast Fifth Street, Minneapolis, where Ida rented rooms. She later moved to Melville, Montana where she became postmistress. At the end of her life she lived in St. Paul with her daughter, Mrs. Pauline Power, who was teaching school there.

Sam and Ida had three children:

Pauline (8), b. August 2, 1884. She has been a very successful teacher in the public schools, both of Minneapolis and St. Paul, teaching primary grades. She married Alexander Southerland Power, a Catholic, December 9, 1916.

Reginald Heber (8), b. October 1, 1890, d. October 1935. "Reg" was named for Reginald Heber Bingham who had been the doctor of his Grandfather Van Cleve's regiment, and who had been named for the noted Episcopal minister and hymn writer, Reginald Heber, the author of such hymns as "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" and "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty".

Reginald (8) was graduated from the University of Minnesota as a mining engineer and spent his life in mining operations on the Iron Range of



The importance of the study of the history of the world is not only to know the past but also to understand the present and to be able to predict the future. The study of the history of the world is a study of the human mind and of the human spirit. It is a study of the human race and of the human condition. It is a study of the human world and of the human future.

The study of the history of the world is a study of the human mind and of the human spirit. It is a study of the human race and of the human condition. It is a study of the human world and of the human future.

The study of the history of the world is a study of the human mind and of the human spirit. It is a study of the human race and of the human condition. It is a study of the human world and of the human future.

The study of the history of the world is a study of the human mind and of the human spirit. It is a study of the human race and of the human condition. It is a study of the human world and of the human future.

The study of the history of the world is a study of the human mind and of the human spirit.

The study of the history of the world is a study of the human mind and of the human spirit. It is a study of the human race and of the human condition. It is a study of the human world and of the human future.

The study of the history of the world is a study of the human mind and of the human spirit. It is a study of the human race and of the human condition. It is a study of the human world and of the human future.

The study of the history of the world is a study of the human mind and of the human spirit. It is a study of the human race and of the human condition. It is a study of the human world and of the human future.

Minnesota, in Chile and in the Philippines where he died of pneumonia. He married Mary Ellen Flemming, a Catholic, and he joined the Catholic Church. Their son is Robert Flemming (9), b. July 13, 1924, m. Ann Squires of Las Vegas, Nevada, June 7, 1950, who died soon after the birth of their son, James Michael (10), b. May 31, 1951.

Charlotte Ouisconsin (8), b. November 11, 1892, m. Robert Coulehan, a Catholic, who died in November 1931. Charlotte did not join the Catholic Church. The Coulehan children are Mary Catherine and Robert. Mary Catherine married Kenneth Killary. They live in Brawley, California. Kenneth is doing work among migrants, sponsored by the United Presbyterian Church. Their two children are Mary Catherine and David. Robert Coulehan married Rose Montello. They are members of the Catholic Church, Robert attending Fordham University in New York City, where he is working for a PhD degree. He is a physicist, employed by the Cyanamid Company. Their children are Gene (a daughter), Susan and Vincent.

Charlotte (8) is a graduate nurse and has been in responsible charge of nurses at several Minneapolis hospitals. She has a home near the University of Minnesota and has rooms available for girl students.

#### PAUL LEDYARD VAN CLEVE (7)

Paul Ledyard was born at Ann Arbor, Michigan, January 1, 1856; he died July 1945, in the ninetieth year of his age. He was married in 1876 to Alice Mary Davis, a convert to the Catholic Church, and they lived with his parents, General and Mrs. H. P. Van Cleve, 603 Southeast 5th Street, Minneapolis, for the first six years of their married life. During those years two children were born to them: Agnes Elizabeth (8), b. Feb. 23, 1878, and Helen Pinckney (8), b. Aug. 28, 1879. In 1882 Paul and Alice, with their two children, moved to Billings, Montana, and Paul started life there as a telegraph operator for the Northern Pacific Railroad, and was located in Billings, Big Timber and Bozeman.

He soon decided that there was more money to be made in the cattle business and homesteaded at Melville, Montana in 1887. Meanwhile, at Billings, two more daughters were born to them: Alice Mary (8), b. May 23, 1885, and Dorothy Mary (8), b. April 5, 1889.

At Melville the Van Cleves built a large, comfortable home and started cattle raising in which they were very successful, and the ranch buildings increased in number. Mrs. Van Cleve was very hospitable and a lavish entertainer and, as time went on, many well-to-do young men were invited to the ranch to meet the eligible daughters, now five in number, as Charlotte Phillips had been born Jan. 1, 1891. In this project she was eminently successful and managed to get most of her daughters married to the scions of wealthy eastern families.

Mrs. Van Cleve was quite a poetess and composed fifty-nine sonnets in honor of Queen Victoria, each depicting a year of her reign, and each page illuminated by hand in an intricate and beautiful manner. To these the queen responded in a warm letter of thanks, written in her own hand.

Agnes Elizabeth (8), was an accomplished pianist, both in classical and popular music. She was also a horsewoman and outdoor sport. She





married Bernard Beinecke, Jr. of New York. Unfortunately, Bernard was a victim of epilepsy and died following a gall bladder operation in 1937. Agnes died shortly thereafter in 1937 and is buried in Monrovia, California. They had two children: Helen Scarlette Beinecke, b. 1905, and Theodora Johanna Beinecke, b. 1908.

Helen Pinckney (8), was also an active horsewoman and athlete. She used to run wolves with hounds, and when the wolf was brought to bay, she would ride in and club it with a long billiards cue butt she carried for the purpose. In 1901 she married a typical English sportsman, John Lawrence (Jack) Scarlett of Gigha Argyllshire, Scotland. Helen's untimely death occurred on August 14, 1902, from diabetes, after little more than a year of marriage.

Alice Mary (8), was probably the most popular of all the girls. She was very attractive, both in face and figure, and was a fine horsewoman. She married Charles Horatio Dugro, son of Judge Philip Dugro of New York, who built the Hotel Savoy and the Hotel Saville in New York City. Soon after their marriage they were divorced. For several years she operated a small ranch near Livingston, Montana. She died in the winter of 1946 of multiple sclerosis, and is buried in Big Timber, Montana.

Dorothy Mary (8), married Jesse Eugene Langston. They have five children, one of whom, Philip, is the principal of a high school near Bozeman, Montana. Two other sons are Jesse and Robert. Writing of Dorothy (8), Paul Ledyard (10) says: "Aunt Dora was the only one of the girls in whose marriage Great Granny didn't have a finger. She eloped with a nice guy from Georgia. Everybody liked him. They didn't have much money and Aunt Doe had to work, but in my opinion she had the happiest marriage of all the girls."

Paul Ledyard (8), son of Paul Ledyard (7) was born at the ranch June 10, 1889. He was educated in a local one-room school and by his mother and, at 16, spent a year in the Lawrenceville School which his grandfather Van Cleve had attended, at Lawrenceville, New Jersey. (Note: The Van Cleves of generations 5 and 6 knew it as "Uncle Brown's School". Ed.)

In 1910 he married Helen Perry, daughter of a prominent family of Helena, Montana. Paul and Helen began building up a nice ranch not far from his parents' ranch which had been sold at the end of thirty-six years of ownership, because of financial reverses, and was later burned to the ground. Very considerable debts had been incurred on the ranch of Paul (7), and Paul (8), in his efforts to clear these off, lost his own property to the bank; but, by means of shrewd land deals, succeeded in paying off an indebtedness of \$263,000, and building the extensive ranch he now owns.

On this ranch, known as the Lazy K Bar, from the form of their cattle brand, Paul and Helen have conducted a year-round business in cattle, sheep and horses. In the summer, for many years now, they have operated their "Dude Ranch" which has been very popular with a large, select clientele of well-to-do east coast families, and has become famous as one of "the" places to spend the summer.





Charlotte Phillips (8), the youngest child of Paul Ledyard (7), was born at "The Ranch" January 1, 1891 (her father's birthday). At 18, and under the guidance of her mother, Phyllis, as she was always called, married Thomas Greenleaf Blakeman, the marriage being performed by Reverend Prichard. It should be stated here that, as a concession to her father's wishes, Phyllis was not raised as a Catholic, the only one of the five children not so raised. The Blakemans divided their time between Montana and Gloucester County, Virginia, where his mother lived. The children born to them were Thomas Ledyard Blakeman, who became an eminent city planning consultant, and Phyllis Leal who lived only three years.

Phyllis travelled with the Y.M.C.A. in France from January to July, 1919, helping to lift the morale of the doughboys there. Shortly before her trip to France she had been working as a volunteer nurse at Camp A. A. Humphries in Virginia, from which she received letters of appreciation from the War Department for her willing and capable assistance.

In 1921 Phyllis and Tom Blakeman were divorced and, two years later, she married John L. Church whom she had known for many years. They had one son, John Church, Jr., born December 30, 1924. In 1942 the Churches were divorced.

Since 1946 Phyllis has spent a good deal of time visiting relatives in many parts of the country. She is a remarkable pianist, playing mostly by ear. Paul Ledyard Van Cleve (10), who has contributed almost all of the story of this branch of the family, says of her: "She is a general source of much fun and affection for her many nieces and nephews. Although her life has been beset by tragedy, heartbreak, and the inconvenience of many serious operations, Phyllis still remains a cheerful, strong-willed and charitable person, generous to a fault, and is loved and respected by many."

Paul Ledyard (9), son of Paul Ledyard (8), was born November 7, 1912 at the Butte Ranch. Because of a raging blizzard, he was delivered by his father four hours before the doctor and nurse arrived. He was educated at rural schools, at Mount St. Charles (Catholic) High School at Helena, Montana, and Berkshire School in Sheffield, Massachusetts. Here he made an outstanding athletic and scholastic record, winning the nickname "Spike", after his first football game. He was editor-in-chief of the school literary magazine, managing editor of the school paper, manager of the dramatic society, president of the only fraternity, and was also a member of the Glee Club and the Council. In 1932 he was graduated "cum laude". He took many scholastic honors and was awarded a scholarship to Harvard, where he won an "A" average for his first year. At the end of his sophomore year he left college to marry, September 26, 1934, Barbara Leonore Knudson (b. June 15, 1914), the wedding being performed in the Basilica of St. Mary at Minneapolis, Minnesota. Barbara did not join the Catholic Church.

Paul ("Spike") and Barbara have accumulated a nice ranch of 2,000 acres near Melville, Montana, the drawings for which house were made by Spike's cousin, Leonard Blakeman. They raise cattle and Quarter horses for "ranch, track and arena". Paul has been very active in the American Quarter Horse Association. He was first president of the Northern Quarter Horse Association.





Paul and Barbara have three daughters and a son as follows:

Barbara Page (10), b. August 17, 1935. Graduated from Duchesne College at Omaha in May of 1958. Honor student.

Paul Ledyard (10), the fourth Paul Ledyard in the family, b. September 12, 1936, graduated from Sweet Grass County high school in May 1954. He is much interested in mechanical devices, considerable of an artist, and enjoys poetry. He played football at school and sang in the school chorus. He joined the Air Force in 1955 and, after graduating from basic training at Parks Air Force base in California, he was made personnel processor at Parks, guiding incoming trainees. He was assigned in 1956 to Elmendorf Air Force Base, Anchorage, Alaska where he has had some time to cultivate his hobby, a genealogy of the Van Cleves, and from which place he has sent some very valuable help for the "Editor". It is from this correspondence that I have come to know my young "cousin", and I have much enjoyed the relationship. He was released from the Air Force in August 1958 and entered college in Montana with the plan to go east to college after the first year. In writing his own story for this account he says, "Haven't done a thing worth recording". Considering the fact that he has just passed his twenty-second birthday, I think he has done a lot and is certainly on the way to doing a lot more. The story of the Montana family, beginning with Paul Ledyard (7), is quoted directly from the account furnished by Paul Ledyard (10), known to his friends as "Tack", a handle given him because his father is "Spike".

Michele Davis (10), b. January 2, 1941, is attending high school in Big Timber, Montana, where she is an honor student.

Carol Perry (10), b. June 13, 1947 is attending the local grade school.

Charlotte Alice (9), daughter of Paul Ledyard (8) was born February 22, 1915 at her father's first ranch. She attended the Settlement grade school for eight years. She then went to Forest Ridge Convent, a Sacred Heart school in Seattle, Washington, for two years, leaving there to attend Eden Hall, a Sacred Heart college in Torresdale, Pennsylvania in 1931 and 1932. Her grandmother had also attended Eden Hall. Charlotte, or "Dee-Dee", as she was best known, then studied for four months at the Helena Business College in 1932 and then returned to her father's ranch to participate in the activities of the place. During the spring of 1934 Charlotte visited school friends in New York, Virginia and Maryland.

On June 20, 1935 Charlotte married Thorvald Edward Anderson at St. Joseph's Catholic Church in Big Timber, Montana. Thorvald, or "Uncle Hoppy" as he was and is known to the writer, Paul Ledyard (10), was the son of a local rancher, born at the Anderson ranch, a short distance from the Van Cleve ranch, on May 26, 1914. He also attended the Settlement school for eight years; then graduated from the Sweet Grass County high school in 1932, returning to his father's ranch until he married Charlotte, at which time he and his wife moved to the "Olson Place", a ranch adjoining the Van Cleve ranch, where they lived for seven years. In 1942 they moved to the Billy Creek Ranch, a modern "show place" built by a wealthy rancher who sold out, and where they have lived since then.





The Anderson children are:

Thomas Ledyard, born April 9, 1936. He attended the Settlement school and graduated from Sweet Grass County high school in 1954 to return to his father's ranch to take up ranching, full time.

Margaret Wilson, born May 31, 1938. She attended the Settlement school and graduated from the Sweet Grass County high school in 1956. At this writing, 1958, she is a sophomore at Duchesne College in Omaha.

Charles Perry, born July 7, 1942. He attended the Settlement school for eight years and is a sophomore at the Sweet Grass County high school.

Twins were born to the Andersons after the birth of Charles Perry. They died soon after birth and are buried in the family plot in Mountain-view Cemetery.

Susan Jane, born January 26, 1945. She is attending the Settlement school.

Mary Elizabeth, born January 26, 1950, the only child with brown eyes in the entire family in Montana. She is in the Settlement school.

#### JOHN RISLEY VAN CLEVE (7)

John was born at Little Falls, Minnesota, April 6, 1859 and died at Portland, Oregon, December 22, 1941. He was next to the youngest of the Van Cleve sons and, like the rest of them, had a good sense of humor. He was not married so early in life as some of his brother were, and now and then he was asked why he was not married. To this he often answered (so my father says), "The girls I would have wouldn't have me, and the ones that would have me, the devil himself wouldn't have." I have an idea that, considering the lovely, handsome girl he later married, he would just as soon have had that answer forgotten.

We who were his nieces and nephews liked Uncle John very much and in that we were just like all who knew him.

The following account is furnished by his daughter, Margaret Van Cleve (8):

"He was educated in the Minneapolis schools and the University of Minnesota.

"His early career as a railroad man really started with telegraph work, which stemmed from experimenting and practicing in which he and two brothers engaged by rigging up their own equipment until they became quite proficient at it. Then he held occasional jobs as an operator while still quite young for that type of work. He was always interested in the actual operation of engines and got some kind of mechanical helper job until he could be taken on as fireman apprentice and finally as engineer, which was his real goal.

"His work with the Great Northern led him to Great Falls, Montana, as master mechanic and, finally, to Kalispel, Montana, where he met





"Clara Goding who was teaching school there. John and Clara were married July 18, 1899 and soon moved to Skagway, Alaska where John became Superintendent of motive power for the White Pass and Yukon Railroad. In August 1905 he went to Seward with the Alaska Central Railroad in the same capacity, leaving in 1908 when the Matanuska coal fields were withdrawn from development by the government, a fact which virtually shut down the Alaska Central for a number of years. He was with the Copper River Railroad in Cordova, Alaska until the family left Alaska in 1911, going first to Grants Pass, Oregon, where Clara's parents at that time had a farm. About 1912 the family moved to Portland, Oregon, where, for a while, he worked for a railway equipment company, but in a couple of years he went back to railroading as Master Mechanic on the Western Pacific at Elko, Nevada. This position he held until the family went to Minneapolis in 1916, where they lived for a couple of years in the old Van Cleve home on 5th Street Southeast, which had come into his possession following his mother's death. At this time John entirely remodelled this home.

"After two years in Minneapolis John and Clara and their family moved back west to Salt Lake City where John became Master Mechanic of the Salt Lake Division of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad which position he held until the time of his retirement, about 1939. Then he and Clara bought a home in Portland, a fairly central location between daughter Charlotte in Coos Bay, Oregon, son John in Butte, Montana, and not too inaccessible to daughter Margaret, then in Honolulu.

"John was a Scottish Rite 32nd Degree Mason and a Shriner. However, he never had time to be very active in Masonry and, actually, neither he nor Mother, in their busy career which called for so many moves, had much time for any activities other than maintaining a home for the family. I remember Mother's once counting that they had made thirty moves, as far as houses are concerned. This made church activity difficult but their membership was in the Presbyterian Church.

Their children are:

Charlotte Elizabeth (8), b. Skagway, Alaska, July 8, 1900  
 Margaret (8), b. Skagway, Alaska, March 16, 1904  
 John Risley, Jr. (8), b. Seward, Alaska, October 13, 1905

Charlotte (8) has furnished a good account of her family as follows:

She and Dr. Raymond Meril McKeown were married September 9, 1931 in Brookline, Massachusetts. At that time they were visiting Kate Van Cleve (7) and her mother, and the marriage was in their church. The McKeown children are:

Michael John (9), b. Dec. 13, 1935 at Portland, Oregon. He received his B.A. from Dartmouth 1958, also completing his first year in medicine.

Timothy Joseph (9), b. at Coos Bay, Oregon, October 30, 1937. Airman 2c at Carswell Field, Texas. Married Shirley Larsen April 13, 1957; daughter Shary Lynn, b. January 3, 1958.

Charlotte (8) writes of her husband, Ray, as follows:





"He was born at Hibbing, Minnesota, was graduated from Toronto Medical College of Canada. I met him at Yale where I graduated from nursing in 1931, B.N. degree. Ray went through his gynocology residency there. He is a Fellow of the National Board, Fellow American College of Surgeons (in surgery, obstetrics and gynocology), Fellow of American College of Obstetrics and Gynocology, Sigma Xi (Yale), listed in American Men of Science. He has been mayor of Coos Bay, at present is a member of the Medical Advisory Board of Sears Foundation, and is one of the nine trustees of the American Medical Association. He is a Shriner and is Past Grand Master of the lodge."

Margaret (8) lives with her mother in Portland, Oregon. Of herself she writes:

"I work as secretary for one of the vice-presidents of Dant & Russell, Inc., a wholesale lumber firm whose main office is here in Portland. I am afraid I don't have any activities worth recording. What little time is left over after my office work and my house work (at which I am not very talented) we put into riding around as much as possible in short spins, to the many interesting places around here. However that can hardly be given the dignity of being recorded as an activity." (Note: When it is realized that her mother, now in her 80's, would not get out at all except for these rides, this activity seems very much worthwhile. Ed.) She adds: "As for myself, I have attended mostly Presbyterian churches, but have actually not affiliated with any. I graduated from the University of Utah in 1925, taught in Utah until 1927 and in Honolulu from 1927 until 1942 when Dad's passing brought me back to Portland."

John Risley (8) attended grade schools in Grant's Pass, Portland and Beaverton, Oregon; Elco, Nevada; Minneapolis, Minnesota, and Salt Lake City, Utah, where he also received his high schooling; and took one year at the University of Utah after having spent three years in the D. and R. G. railroad shops.

In 1928 he went to work in Butte, Montana in the Mining Engineering Department of the Anaconda Company (copper and other metals) as Assistant Engineer where he has been to date except for three years with the Virginia City (Montana) Mining Company. Since 1936 he has been Mining Engineer for Anaconda.

On August 10, 1935 he married Margaret Jane Smith (nickname "Daisy") who was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, December 5, 1905. Their son, and only child, John Risley III (9), was born in Butte, January 1, 1948. He is doing well with clarinet lessons.

John and his family belong to the Presbyterian Church. They are ardent fishermen and hunters and for seven years operated a small cattle ranch, now leased to others. With a friend, John is operating a small gold mining venture. Daisy is the artistic member of the family, being a very accomplished ceramist, and has recently mastered the art of copper enameling.





## CARL ERNEST VAN CLEVE (7)

Carl, the 12th child and 7th son of Horatio (6) and Charlotte, was born June 25, 1861 and died in May of 1934 in the 73rd year of his age.

As a young man he had a very good bass voice and he sang in the volunteer choir of Andrew Presbyterian Church, to which the family all belonged. Like his brothers, Carl had a good sense of humor and enjoyed telling and listening to good stories. In his mother's old age she depended much on him, and he lived with her at the family home during most of his life. He was born at Long Prairie, Minnesota the day before his father had to leave for the Civil War in response to President Lincoln's call for volunteers. He was never married.

As a young man, Carl worked at several jobs of a clerical nature. He took a course in chemistry at Johns Hopkins University and, upon graduation, went to work in the laboratory of Dr. Drew, a chemist, in Minneapolis. After a few years he acquired ownership of the business which still operates as the Van Cleve Laboratory although none of the family has any interest in it. He was an active Mason, belonging to several Masonic bodies and had been master of his lodge and commander of his commandery.

When the boys were young their mother bought them all copies of a little religious book, "Bogatzky's Golden Treasury", containing a Bible verse for each day of the year and nearly a full page of comment on each. I suppose she thought, at least she hoped, that they would be read by them. In 1879 General and Mrs. Van Cleve went to Honolulu to visit their daughter, "Lizzie", and she carried with her a copy of this little book which has written on the fly leaf in her handwriting, "E. M. Van Cleve from Mother, Christmas 1869". On the lower margin of the page for June 25th she has written, "Dear Carl is 18 years old today. God bless him and help him to grow in grace." To this is added, "Honolulu 1879". Through the book, the pages corresponding to other birthdays have similar little prayers of a mother for her boys. The book has been helpful to the editor in establishing some of the dates presented herein. One incident which indicates that these little books were not always treated with the reverence their mother intended, is shown by the following episode: When Carl was a little fellow, he was having an argument with his older brother, Sam, and in somewhat of a rage declared, "I slang Sam's Bogasty on the floor". Another little incident is recorded here as giving a little light on family customs: It was regular practice in the Van Cleve home to have family prayers every morning, to which the children were each required to contribute some Bible verse learned for the day. One day sister Lizzie, older than any of her brothers, was roasting coffee, and young Carl approached her in the extremity of not having his verse for the day. Without thinking too much about it, but spurred on by what she was doing, she said, "Eat ye brown coffee grains and chew a little rag with it". The record doesn't say what happened to Carl and Lizzie when this work of art was sprung on Father and Mother at prayers.

One day several of the Van Cleve boys were walking along the street and one of them said, "The next boy we meet is going to be named 'Toby'", to which the others agreed, and the next boy happened to be their friend, Will Johnson whom they named Toby on the spot, and he was known as Toby





Johnson the rest of his life. It was he who gave to John Marshall High School its football field, known as Johnson Field.

Carl was hit by a car and died from the injury.

#### A BABY CRIB

(This little story is given exactly as written by Edward M. Van Cleve (7) to his son, Horatio P. Van Cleve (8). The crib is now in the home of Horatio P. Van Cleve (9) and has been used by their children, Edward Allen (10) and Elizabeth Leslie (10) - Ed.)

"This dear little crib was 'born' about April 1, 1850 at Ann Arbor, Mich., and stood on the floor of the furniture store for a year with a tag attached showing the price - \$5.25.

"Nobody wanted to pay such an awful price for a little bedstead when one could buy one twice as big for half as much. So the storekeeper left it to gather dust and cobwebs until May 1853 when my dear brother, Sam, came into this bright, beautiful world and crowded me out of my mother's arms and the cradle.

"About this time my father went to buy a crib, and the storekeeper said 'I have a little walnut bed I can sell you cheap. I had it marked \$5.25, but no one wanted to pay so much. Rather than keep it longer, I'll let you have it for \$4.00.'

"Father thought the little two-year old at home was worth \$4.00, so the crib was put into his wagon and was taken out to the farm at Rosedale, ten miles away. Since that time it has taken several journeys:

1st.- Rosedale to Ann Arbor, where we moved when I was a very little boy, and lived until the fall of 1856.

2nd - Ann Arbor to Dunlieth, Ill. by rail; then to Prairie du Chien, Wis. by steamboat, just in time to be frozen in for the winter, or until it was possible to get teams and sleds to bring our supplies and household goods to St. Paul; thence by sled to Long Prairie, Minn.

3rd - Long Prairie to St. Paul.

4th - St. Paul to St. Anthony (now Minneapolis)

5th - St. Anthony to St. John's, Minn.

6th - St. John's back to St. Anthony.

7th - Minneapolis to Cranford, N. J."

(To which two more moves should be added, as follows:

8th - Cranford to Minneapolis

9th - Minneapolis to Austin, Minn. - Ed.)





"It has had mumps, measles, whooping-cough, and many other aches and pains, but it has also had many beautiful dreams, and heard many blessed prayers, offered by wonderful mothers.

"This little crib was new in 1853 when it began to furnish a resting place for many tired, sleepy children. During its lifetime it has travelled a great many miles and has always been glad to be a beautiful dreamland for the little boys and girls named below:

Edward M. Van Cleve  
 Horatio Seymour Van Cleve  
 Samuel H. Van Cleve  
 Paul L. Van Cleve  
 John R. Van Cleve  
 Carl E. Van Cleve  
 Mark V.C. Thompson  
 Horace Clark  
 Mollie Clark  
 Nathan Clark  
 Isabel Clark  
 Judith Clark  
 Charlotte V.C. Hall  
 Philip Hall

Charlotte Van Cleve  
 (daughter of Seymour)  
 George B. Van Cleve  
 Mary A. Van Cleve  
 Horatio P. Van Cleve (2nd)  
 Rebecca W. Van Cleve  
 Will Van Cleve (E. W.)  
 Grace W. Van Cleve  
 Leslie A. Van Cleve  
 Elizabeth Nicol  
 Edward V.C. Nicol  
 Horatio P. Van Cleve (3rd)  
 Allen S. Van Cleve"

(Written by E. M. Van Cleve and pasted on bed.)





DREW, DELANO, STANDISH, ALDEN  
connections of  
THE ALLEN FAMILY

Sir Edward Drew of Devonshire, England, knighted by Queen Elizabeth. He was the father of William Drew of Devonshire, England, the father of John Drew of Devonshire, England, who came to Plymouth, Mass. He was the father of William Drew of Duxbury, Mass., father of William Drew of Kingston, Mass., father of William Drew of Kingston, Mass., same age and family as Joshua Drew of Kingston, Mass., father of Charles Drew and Mary Delano Drew Allen.

\* \* \* \* \*

Philip de la Noye, a Huguenot who escaped the persecutions of the Catholics and came to this country in the ship, Fortune, in 1621, and purchased the township of Bridgewater. He was father of Jonathan Delano, father of Nathaniel Delano, father of Mary Delano Sampson, mother of Charles Drew and Mary Delano Drew Allen

\* \* \* \* \*

Myles Standish (abt. 1584-1656) arrived on Mayflower in 1620, wife (1) Rose, (2) Barbara. Magistrate of Duxbury, Mass. He was father of Alexander Standish, wife Sarah Alden, was father of Lora Standish, husband Abram Sampson. She was mother of Miles Sampson (wife Sarah Studley), father of Judah Sampson (wife Mary Delano), father of Elizabeth Sampson (husband Joshua Drew), mother of Charles Drew and Mary Delano Drew Allen

\* \* \* \* \*

John Alden, wife Priscilla Mullin. He arrived on the Mayflower in 1620. His dates are 1599?-1687. Magistrate of Plymouth Colony for 50 years, father of Sarah Alden (husband Alexander Standish), mother of Lora Standish (husband Abram Sampson), mother of Miles Sampson (wife Sarah Studley), father of Judah Sampson (wife Mary Delano), father of Elizabeth Sampson (husband Joshua Drew), mother of Charles Drew and Mary Delano Drew Allen

(See Allen Family, p. 96



THE ALICE BAKER

THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER

THE ALICE BAKER

THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER

THE ALICE BAKER

THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER

THE ALICE BAKER

THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER  
THE ALICE BAKER

THE ALICE BAKER

## ALLEN FAMILY

Edward Allen, from London, b. England, 1670. Settled in Nantucket about 1690. m. 1692 Ann Brinker Coleman, b. Nantucket Nov. 10, 1675. Descendant of Scotch Bishop of Lindsfarne, Ireland, who died 676 A.D. Their son was

Sylvanus Allen 1, b. May 6, 1706, d. between 1780 and 1784. m. Jan. 8, 1727, Jemima Starbuck, b. May 2, 1712, d. Oct. 11, 1798, daughter of Jethro Starbuck. They moved to Dartmouth (New Bedford and Fairhaven then in Dartmouth). He bought real estate for 257 pounds Jan. 27, 1761. He bestowed land at different times on his several children (he had eleven). Jethro, his son, in 1784 sold 26 acres of land, which was his father's homestead, near the bay where Fort Phoenix stands. Nolscot (Indian name for paint), called Allen's Neck in old maps, then later Fort Phoenix.

The son of Sylvanus and Jemima Allen was:

Sylvanus Allen 2. He married (1) Abigail Kidder, daughter of Stephen and Mercy (Godfrey) Kidder. (2) Sarah Russel Wood (widow), who was born 1742, died 1816.

Sylvanus Allen 3, married Rebecca Pope, daughter of Elanthan and Mary Thomas Pope. Their son:

Sylvanus Allen 4, b. May 3, 1789, d. Jan. 8, 1871, m. Susan Wood, b. Jan. 14, 1794, d. Aug. 26, 1852. Their son:

Edmund Allen, b. Sept. 8, 1814 at Fairhaven, Mass., m. (1) Sarah Russel, Nov. 1835, m. (2) Mary Delano Drew, Oct. 16, 1838. He died Feb. 4, 1893. His son, by Mary Delano Drew, was:

Leslie Sampson Allen, b. Dec. 8, 1852 at Fairhaven, Mass., d. Jan. 3, 1932 at East St. Louis, Ill. m. Minnie Davis Lacy, b. April 25, 1856, d. Dec. 20, 1918. Their daughter:

Leslie Gertrude Allen, b. Aug. 6, 1885 at Webster Groves, Mo. m. in 1910, Horatio P. Van Cleve.

Children: Leslie Allen, John Woodbridge, Allen Seymour, Horatio Phillips. See Van Cleve family, p. 77





MEMORIAL TO  
EDMUND THOMPSON ALLEN  
(Read before the bar of St. Louis,  
Dec. 12, 1912)

"We who have lived in this community, as adults, for more than half a century, have seen most of those who are dear to us depart, one by one, until the corridors of our memory are filled with the shades of departed friends. The number of those in whose behalf memorials are presented here today, most of whom are personal friends of mine, has strongly impressed me with that fact, but none of them stood nearer to me than the subject of this memorial.

"Edmund Thompson Allen was born at Fairhaven, Mass. Aug. 10, 1836, and died in St. Louis, Mo. May 27, 1912. He was the son of Edmund and Sarah Allen, was graduated from Yale in 1857, and was admitted to the bar in Boston in 1859. He practiced his profession in New Bedford, Mass., from 1859 to 1863. In January 1863 he married Sylvia Bowen, daughter of Martin Bowen of Fairhaven, and removed with her to St. Louis where he has resided ever since. His wife died in 1903.

"After coming to St. Louis he was first engaged as a shorthand reporter in the military courts, and afterwards with his partner, L. L. Walbridge, in all courts. As such they reported the speeches of President Johnson for the use of the managers of his impeachment before the Senate. Shortly afterwards he engaged in the general practice of the law, first alone, and since 1887 with his son, Clifford Allen. He was a member of scientific, professional and social organizations.

"I mention these facts because it is customary for memorials of departed members of the bar to contain a short epitome of their wordly careers, although such epitomes, except for the purpose of identification of the dead are of little value. We are born at some time or other, most of us marry, and all of us must die. All of us whose parents can afford it receive a liberal education, and most of us who receive such an education engage in professional pursuits. So far the biography of one member of the bar is the biography of all. The value of a man's life cannot be gauged by its duration, nor by what he may have accumulated in wordly means, nor by that of his professional labors, when exerted solely for his own benefit. It must be gauged by the benefit he has conferred upon his fellow men and on his progeny, and hence I will speak of the life of Edmund T. Allen in that way alone, treating the matters in order of their importance.

"It was my good fortune to become acquainted with him shortly after his arrival in St. Louis, and also my good fortune to be associated with him in most of the matters hereinafter referred to.

"He was an exemplary citizen. By this I do not mean a citizen who does no harm; who attends divine worship regularly; who does not try to defraud his neighbors, but who, in other respects, lets the world wag as it may, but one who takes an active interest in every movement to bring about a better administration of public affairs, who tries to purify politics and to elevate the standard of the administration of justice, and all this without any selfish motives, but solely in the performance of his duties as a citizen. When the Republican Party of this city, of which he was a constant member, fell under the domination of a boss rule, and its





"municipal bodies were reeking with corruption, he became a member of the Republican Union of 1876 and, as chairman of a committee appointed by that organization, aided in drafting a powerful address to the voters, trying to arouse them to aid in doing away with these iniquities. When it became apparent that a reform in the civil service was imperatively demanded, he became a member of the first civil reform association in this city, which was one of the first in the United States, and which, with other similar organizations in other parts of the country, succeeded at least partially, in bringing about a much better reform in that direction. He was member of a committee of three which drafted the constitutional amendment of 1875, establishing the St. Louis Court of Appeals, in order to bring about a more speedy final determination of litigation, and although the constitutional convention then sitting failed to adopt the bill as drawn, subsequent experience demonstrated its propriety, and subsequent constitutional amendments made the court, as first proposed, a court of final appellate jurisdiction in all cases brought before it.

"His domestic life was exemplary. He brought up his sons to be useful members of the community and to take the same active interest in the welfare of their fellowmen as he took himself. When his daughter was deprived of her natural protector, he took her and her children to his home and provided for all their wants. While his home was comfortable it was never luxurious. He realized that the value of a home depended, not in the display of useless luxury in its belongings, but in the mutual affection and forbearance of those who dwelt therein.

"He was an exemplary lawyer, more sound than brilliant, strictly adhering to the highest ethics of the profession. I have never known him to prosecute or defend a case when he was not thoroughly convinced of both the moral and legal rights of his clients. His capacity for dealing with details was marvelous. I have personal cognizance of a case of importance where proof of the fraud of his clients' antagonists depended on the unraveling of the most complicated transactions, covering a period of many years, and where he succeeded in establishing it by the clearest mathematical demonstration.

"I do not hesitate, in judging the value of his life, to apply to it the crucial test which should be applied in judging of the value of each of our lives, and to say the world is to some extent better because he lived.

"And it is because he was a good citizen, exemplary in his domestic life, and an honor and ornament to his profession, that we sincerely deplore his loss, and wish, by this brief memorial, to make a lasting record of our high appreciation of his excellent qualities and his good conduct in every station in life. "

Prepared by Roderick E. Rombauer, Esq.

Editor's Note: Edmund Thompson Allen was the son of Edmund Allen and Sarah Russel Allen, and the half-brother of Leslie S. Allen, grandfather of Leslie A., John W., Allen S., and Horatio Phillips Van Cleve III (9).





ALLEN STORIES  
(Contributed by Allen Seymour Van Cleve)

A BOLD GREAT GRANDMOTHER  
(Mary Delano Drew Allen)

Great Grandmother Allen lived in Fairhaven, Mass. in the days prior to the Civil War. She was the only one in the little town to subscribe to the Abolitionist's Journal which the town authorities had banned because of the trouble and unrest such doctrines made. But she would sit in her parlor, with all the curtains up and facing the street, and calmly read the paper.

The men in the town who wanted to read it too, would sneak into her kitchen and sit around the kitchen stove, reading it.

THE STREET CAR RIDE  
(An incident in the life of  
Mrs. Leslie S. Allen, my grandmother)

Grandmother was riding in the street car with her daughter, Cora. They were on their way home after visiting in the city of East St. Louis. They lived in a suburb of East St. Louis. Suddenly she saw a colored woman appear at the front door of the car, and tap on the window. Coming not far behind her was a mob that roamed the streets during the race riots which were then going on.

The car stopped, but the conductor refused to let the woman on. Grandmother Allen ordered the conductor to let the poor, frightened woman come aboard the car. She came aboard, and the car started up before the mob arrived. She hid under the seat on which my grandmother sat. Grandmother put her great flowing skirt, common in those days, around the woman, thus hiding her from view.

They rode all the way to Grandmother's home, the colored woman still concealed. That night she persuaded the laundryman to hide the colored woman in his cart under a pile of dirty clothes, and drive her to Granite City. There she was met by my grandfather who had a train ticket already purchased. He saw her safely on the train, bound for Kansas City, and under the protection of the train conductor.





## WILLIAMS FAMILY

Robert Williams of Roxbury, Conn., came from Norwich, England in 1683. d. 1693. First wife Elizabeth Stalham. Sons: Samuel 1632, Isaac 1638, Stephen 1640, Thomas (died young). Second wife Martha Strong.

Isaac Williams, b. 1638. Married Martha Park. Children: Isaac, Martha, William and others.

Rev. William Williams of Hatfield, Mass., b. 1665. Married daughter of Rev. Solomon Stoddard. Children: Col. Israel Williams and others.

Col. Israel Williams of Hartford, Conn., b. 1709. His daughter, Lucretia, married John Chandler Williams of Pittsfield, Mass. (J.C.W. was descended from Samuel, eldest son of Robert Williams.)

Deacon William Williams of Dalton, Mass., b. 1735. Married Dorothy Ashley, daughter of Rev. Jonathan Ashley of Deerfield. d. 1808. Children: Dorothy, Stalham, Sarah, Ashley, Charlotte, William and others. Charlotte married Dr. William Porter of Hadley, Mass.

William Williams, b. July 31, 1772. Married Lucy Fitch, daughter of Ebenezer Fitch of Williamstown, Mass. Children: John Chandler, Charles Fitch, George Ashley, Erastus Smith, James Fitch, Charles Ashley, Emily Huntington, Lucy Marin, d. Sept. 26, 1839.

Erastus Smith Williams, b. 1821, Salem, N. Y., d. Chicago, 1884. Married Rebecca Woodbridge, 1850. Children: Mary Seymour, Grace Ashley, Arthur Lincoln. Rebecca W. Williams d. 1864 at birth of Arthur Lincoln. Second wife was Mrs. Sophia Hyndshaw Morton, 1869, who had a small daughter, Louise Morton. One daughter by this marriage, Sophie Huntington.

Erastus Smith Williams was for sixteen years Judge of the Circuit Court of Cook County (Chicago), Illinois. He was highly regarded as a lawyer and a judge, and as a high principled Christian gentleman. Grace Williams, d. 1933, and Louise Morton, d. 1942, were successful school teachers in Minneapolis and lived together for many years. Neither was married.

Mary Seymour Williams, b. Oct. 27, 1856, d. Jan. 19, 1947. Married Edward Mortimer Van Cleve May 3, 1881. Children: Horatio Phillips, Rebecca Woodbridge, Erastus Williams, Grace Williams.

Sophie Huntington Williams, half-sister of above, b. June 8, 1877, d. Mar. 25, 1958. Married 1. John Sanford Small. Children: Sanford Williams, Huntington Williams, Louise Williams (drowned when a small child). Married 2. Laurence Moultrie.





# ROYAL DESCENT OF THE WOODBRIDGE FAMILY

Henry I, King of France, married Ann of Russia.

Hugh the Great (Magnus), their son, was Count of Vermandois.

Isabel de Vermandois, his daughter, married Robert, Earl of Mellent and Leicester. Second son was William de Warren, grandson of William the Conqueror.

Lady Adelaide Vermandois was granddaughter of Alfred the Great, and married Hugh of France.

Robert, Earl of Leicester, son of Robert, Earl of Mellent and Leicester and of Isabel Vermandois, was Lord Justice of England.

Gervase Paganel, Baronet of Dudley, his son.

Hawyse, Baroness of Dudley, his daughter, who married John de Someri.

Ralph de Someri, their eldest son, married Margaret. He died in 1210.

Roger de Someri, Baron of Dudley.

Lady Margaret de Someri, Baroness of Dudley, married John de Sutton, died 1482.

John de Sutton, 2nd Baron of Dudley.

John de Sutton, 3rd Baron of Dudley.

John de Sutton, 4th Baron of Dudley.

Thomas Dudley of London.

John Dudley of London.

Captain Roger Dudley.

Thomas Dudley, Puritan, came to America with Governor Winthrop, d. 1653.

Mercy Dudley, his daughter, married Rev. John Woodbridge, 1637. Children: Lucy, Martha, John Woodbridge of Nethersfield, who married Abigail, daughter of William Lute of Connecticut.

Rev. John Woodbridge, son of John and Abigail, married 1699, Jemima, daughter of Rev. Joseph Elliot and granddaughter of the "Apostle Elliot".

Rev. John Woodbridge, their son, of Windsor, died 1783.

Dr. Sylvester Woodbridge of Southampton, son of Rev. John.

Rev. John Woodbridge of Hadley, Mass., son of Dr. Sylvester W.

Rev. John Woodbridge, born at Southampton Dec. 2, 1784, d. Sept. 26, 1869. Married Mary Anne Seymour, daughter of Maj. Thomas Young Seymour and Susan Bull. She died Jan. 16, 1858. Children:

(1) Mindwell Woodbridge, b. Mar. 20, 1815. Married George A. Gibbs of Chicago, 1847. d. Oct. 3, 1849. Mina Woodbridge, daughter of George G. and Mindwell, b. 1849, d. 1851.

(2) Mary Anne Woodbridge, daughter of Rev. John W., b. July 13, 1817. Married 1840 Capt. Aaron Hawley who died in 1847. She married (2) Rev. Parsons Cook, D.D. of Lynn, Mass., 1850. Her children by first marriage:

a. Mary Ann Hawley, who married Henry Chipman of Chicago. Had one son.

b. John Woodbridge Hawley.

c. Caroline Tempe Hawley who married Lucas Hunt. Children: Edwin Woodbridge Hunt, Edwin Hunt, and Mary Lucas Hunt.

Her son by second marriage: Parsons Cook.

(3) Susan Augusta Woodbridge, daughter of Rev. John W. and Mary Anne Seymour, b. 1819.





- (4) Emeline Seymour Woodbridge, daughter of John Woodbridge and Mary Anne Seymour, b. 1821, m. 1848, William Partridge Dickinson of South Hadley, Mass. Their children:

a. William Dickinson, b. 1848, m. Susan White Hempstead.

Their children: William Woodbridge D., b. 1873

Edward Hempstead D., b. 1875

b. Louisa Morse Dickinson, b. 1850

c. John Woodbridge Dickinson, b. 1853

d. Theodore George Dickinson, b. 1856

e. Caroline Seymour Dickinson, b. 1862

(I remember this family and was several times in their home, 67 Maple Street, Chicago where they lived so long. Mr. W. P. was a successful business man in Chicago and operated "The Dickinson Shot Tower", producing lead shot. Their daughter, "Cousin Louisa", I remember as a very kind gray-haired lady. On her brothers, William, John and Theodore, see "Dickinson Notes", page 106. I do not remember Caroline. Ed.)

- (5) Charlotte Seymour Woodbridge, daughter of John W. and Mary Anne Seymour, b. 1824, m. 1842, Elisha S. Wadsworth. Children:

a. Elisha L. Wadsworth, b. 1843, enlisted in the War for Union, died of disease, 1867

b. Mary Ann Wadsworth, b. 1847, m. 1869 Lucien Gurnie Yoe, a Chicago merchant.

(What I remember about the Yoes is that they seemed to have lots of good, used ladies' clothing which they often sent to my mother as one of their poor relations, or so it seemed to me. Ed.)

c. Thomas Seymour Wadsworth, b. 1863

d. Guy Woodbridge Wadsworth, b. 1861, a minister

e. Philip Charles Wadsworth, b. 1864

- (6) Rebecca M. Woodbridge, b. Mar. 22, 1826, m. Oct. 2, 1850, Erastus Smith Williams of Chicago, d. 1864. See Williams Family, p. 100. Children:

a. Lucy Huntington Williams, b. 1853, d. 1855

b. Mary Seymour Williams, b. Oct. 27, 1856, d. Jan. 19, 1947, m. 1881 Edward Mortimer Van Cleve. See p. 77.

c. Grace Ashley Williams, b. Jul. 8, 1858, d. Aug. 14, 1933.

d. Arthur Lincoln Williams, b. Jan. 27, 1864, d. Feb. 14, 1864.

(His birth caused the death of his mother, a large painting of whom, in heavy gold frame, has long adorned the wall of the Van Cleve home where it was first hung by her daughter, Mary Williams Van Cleve. Ed.)

- (7) John Woodbridge, b. 1829, m. 1851 Elizabeth Butler. Children:

a. John Woodbridge, b. 1852, d. ?

b. Walter Butler Woodbridge, b. Dec. 16, 1853, d. next day

c. Walter Butler Woodbridge (2), b. 1855, d. 1860

d. Mary Woodbridge, b. 1857, d. ?

e. Elizabeth Butler Woodbridge, b. 1859, d. ?

f. Helen Seymour Woodbridge, b. Sept. 22, 1864, d. ?

g. Rebecca Woodbridge, b. 1867, d. ?

h. William B. Woodbridge, b. 1870, d. ?





(8) Louisa Christmas, b. 1831, m. Alfred Smith. Son Alfred W. Smith.

(9) Elizabeth Octavia Woodbridge, b. 1836, m. Rev. Henry Richardson.  
Children: Nira, Allan Seymour, Thera, Klyda, Elliot Verne,  
Alphyon Perry. The first three died as young  
children. The last three, born respectively in  
1865, 1868, 1875, lived to maturity.





JOHN WOODBRIDGE, D.D.

(From "The New England Ministry Sixty Years Ago" by Rev. Serano D. Clark. Pub. 1877.)

"He was born in Southampton, Massachusetts, Dec. 2, 1784. His first progenitor in this country was Rev. John Woodbridge of Andover, Mass., the son of Rev. John Woodbridge, a distinguished non-conformist minister of Stanton, Wiltshire, England. The earliest known ancestor of the Woodbridge family was Rev. John Woodbridge, born in 1493, a follower of Wickliffe. Between him and Rev. John Woodbridge of Stanton there were three generations, and as tradition reports, in each a Rev. John Woodbridge; all Wickliffites or Lollards, the products of the same soil of free thought which, after years of rooting and ripening, yielded the richer harvest of Puritanism. Rev. John Woodbridge of Andover, Mass. was the sixth Rev. John Woodbridge in the regular line of descent. He was born in 1613, piously trained, and sent to the University of Oxford, where he remained until the oath of conformity was required of him, when he left and pursued his studies in private. Thoroughly imbued with the Puritan spirit, he came to this country in 1643, in company with his uncle, Rev. Thomas Parker, and took up land in Newbury. There he continued prosecuting until the death of his father required his return to England. In 1641 he sailed again for New England, attended by his younger brother, Benjamin.

"Here he continued discharging his duties of the ministry with great acceptance till 1647 when he was induced, by the solicitations of friends and admirers, to go back to England. He was first appointed chaplain to the commissioners treating with the king at the Isle of Wight, and afterwards preached at Andover, Hampshire, and at Buford in Wiltshire. Soon after the restoration of Charles II he was ejected, in company with other distinguished non-conformists - Owen, Baxter, Bates, Corbet, Charnock, Fairfax, and Poole. He came again to New England in 1663, and soon after, settled in Newbury as assistant to his aged uncle, Rev. Thomas Parker. Here he continued his ministry for several years till, a difficulty, arising in regard to church government, forced him to resign. The country chose him a magistrate of the colony, 'that so he might, in a yet more extensive capacity, be minister of God unto them for good.' He was also employed by the settlers of Andover, then only nineteen in number, to purchase the town from Cushamache, sagamore of Massachusetts, which was effected for six pounds and a coat. He died March 17, 1695, aged 82.

"His brother, Benjamin, was the first graduate of Harvard University. After his graduation he returned to England and became successor of the well known Dr. Twiss, at Newbury, where he won a 'mighty reputation as a scholar, a preacher, a casuist, and a Christian'. (He suffered in the same way as did his brother for his non-conformity - Ed.)

"Rev. John Woodbridge, in whom were mingled two strong currents of Puritan blood, married in 1641, Mercy, daughter of Hon. Thomas Dudley, who came to America in 1630 as Deputy Governor of the Massachusetts Company, and was not only one of the founders but one of the 'pillars' of the colony. (It has been thought that he is lineally descended from English nobility. See 'Royal Descent of the Woodbridge Family'.) He was governor of the colony for four years. His character, viewed in all its aspects, was massive and grand, but somewhat rough and severe. Rev. John Woodbridge of Andover had twelve children, eleven of whom reached





"maturity. Three of the sons, John, Benjamin, and Timothy, entered the ministry, also two sons-in-law. He lived to see, also, four grandsons preparing for the ministry. His son, John, was graduated at Harvard in 1664, and was first settled, in 1666, as pastor in Killingworth, Conn., where he continued till his death. He was a man of note in his time. He died in 1690. Benjamin was ordained in 1670 over the Presbyterian Society in Windsor, Conn. where he remained some years. In 1698 he was called to the pastorate of the church in Medford, Mass. There was strong opposition to his settlement. Party feeling became violent. The conflict continued ten years. Brethren from abroad were called to advise; an appeal was even made to the General Court, but the counsels given were disregarded. At length, in 1708, Mr. Woodbridge was persuaded to retire from the contest. He died two years afterwards. Timothy was ordained pastor of the church in Hartford in 1685 and died in 1732, in the forty-seventh year of his ministry. He took an active part in the measures which resulted in the establishment of Yale College. He was also a member of the convention which met at Saybrook in 1708 to form a constitution of the churches in Connecticut. He sometimes wrote poetry.

"To get back to the Rev. John Woodbridge of this story, his father was Rev. Sylvester Woodbridge of South Hadley, Mass. and his mother Mindwell Lyman. He fitted for college mainly at Westfield and Deerfield academies. He entered Williams College in 1800 at the age of 15 and graduated in the class of 1804. When he settled down to his ministry he was much loved by everybody. He married, May 1814, Miss Mary Ann Seymour at Hadley. He died at Waukegan, Ill. in 1869 at the age of 85, mourned by all in that town."

His tombstone reads thus:

REV. JOHN WOODBRIDGE, D.D.  
was born at Southampton, Mass.  
Dec. 2, 1784;

Preached the Gospel more than half a century  
with great ability, fervor, and boldness;

Finished his course with joy,  
And the ministry which he had received  
of the Lord Jesus,  
At Waukegan, Ill. on Sabbath morning  
Sept. 26, 1869  
In the 85th year of his age.

"Let me go, for the day breaketh"  
The highest rewards of a faithful minister  
will be found  
In another life.

THIS STONE IS ERECTED BY HIS  
CHILDREN  
IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF A BELOVED  
AND REVERED FATHER





Woodbridge Ministers  
(from previous pages)

- (1) Rev. John Woodbridge, b. in England 1493
- (2) Rev. John W.)
- (3) Rev. John W.) All Wyckliffites or Lollards
- (4) Rev. John W.)
- (5) Rev. John W., distinguished non-conformist of Wiltshire, England
- (6) Rev. John W. of Andover, Mass., non-conformist, Puritan, b. 1613,  
came to America in 1641, m. Mercy Dudley, 1637-41.  
Their son:
- (7) Rev. John W. of Nethersfield, m. Abigail Lute of Conn. Their son:
- (8) Rev. John W., m. 1669 Jemima, dau. of Rev. Joseph Elliot. Their  
son:
- (9) Rev. John W. of Windsor, d. 1783. His son:
- (10) Rev. Sylvester W. of Southampton. His son:
- (11) Rev. John W. of Hadley, Mass,
- (12) Rev. John W., b. at Southampton, Dec. 2, 1784, d. Sept. 26, 1869.  
m. Mary Ann Seymour

\* \* \* \* \*

Dickinson Notes

In July of 1914, after supervising the erection of two railway lift bridges in Louisiana, the Editor of these notes arrived in Chicago with his wife and little daughter, Leslie ("Betsy") to do a similar supervising job on three much larger bridges for the Pennsylvania Railroad. Two of these bridges were in South Chicago, across the Calumet River, the other across the South Branch of the Chicago River, near the center of the city. During erection of the first two we lived in Englewood. When the work on the other was started we were offered, rent free, the use of the apartment of Mr. William Dickinson at 63 E. Division Street, near the lake shore. Mr. Dickinson was my mother's cousin, the son of W. P. Dickinson.

The three sons of this family, William, John and Theodore, started the Marquette Manufacturing Company of Chicago, importing portland cement from abroad before it was manufactured in this country, later establishing their own mills here. Theodore was the president, William was active in the business, John a silent partner. The Dickinson sons were very friendly to my mother and her sister, Grace, because the girls, with their father, Judge Williams, had lived with the Dickinsons for some time after the death of Mrs. Williams.

After my sister, Rebecca (Mrs. James Nicol), was married and left for Syria (now Lebanon) with her husband as missionaries under the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, their first little daughter Mary, was born. Cousin John was aware of the situation and, knowing how much Mother would enjoy seeing her daughter and family in their new life abroad, gave her the money to finance the trip, and she went in 1907.

This branch of the Van Cleve family have had reason to be fond of their Dickinson relatives.





How well I remember that Cousin John D. on one of his trips to Minneapolis, had us get together a lot of our friends and financed a weekend picnic for twenty or more of us youngsters at Lake Sarah where there were good over-night accommodations. He was spontaneously good-natured and friendly.

My oldest son, John Woodbridge Van Cleve (9) was named for him. See p. 80. Ed.





ROYAL AND NOBLE ANCESTRY OF THE AMERICAN SEYMOURS  
 (Quoted from the Journal of American History,  
 Vol. 5, p. 583)

"Richard Seymour, the son of Sir Edward Seymour, Knight and Baronet, of Berry Pomeroy and grandson of another Sir Edward Seymour of Berry Pomeroy, and great grandson of Edward, Duke of Somerset, Earl of Hertford, Viscount Beauchamp and Baron Seymour, Lord Protector of England and uncle of King Edward VI, was an Oxford scholar and became one of the foremost men of Hartford, Conn. and a founder of Norwalk, Conn.

"The great house of Seymour descended from a knight, Sir William St. Maur who lived in the thirteenth century. He is thought to have been our earliest ancestor in England, a companion of the Conqueror, who came from Normandy or other part of France. In the year 1240 Sir William, aided by Gilbert Marshall, the Earl of Pembroke, took from the Welsh a place called Woundy, near Caldecot in Monmouthshire. Penhow, near Woundy, also belonged to him. He lived in Penhow, and the church there was dedicated to St. Maur or St. Maurus. He was a disciple of St. Benedict and introduced the Benedictine order in what is now France, founding a monastery near Samur in Touraine which became known as Saint Maur-sur-Loire. The wives of neither Sir William nor his son, Sir Roger, are known, but, beginning with Sir Roger's son, Roger St. Maur, Lord of Penhow and Woundy, who married Joan, daughter and heiress of Damarel of Devonshire, all the Seymours (as the name soon became - from St. Maur) who carry down the line of ancestry for six generations, married ladies who, being heiresses of armigerous (entitled to have coats of arms) families, brought to the Seymours the right to quarter their own arms with the arms of the Seymours.

"The Seymour arms at this time were: Gules (red), two wings conjoined in lure, tips downward, or (gold). See p. 113.

"John Seymour of Wolf Hall, in Wiltshire, who was Sheriff of the County, 36 Henry VI, married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Henry Darell of Littlecote, County Wilts, and their eldest son, Sir John Seymour of Wolf Hall, succeeded to his father's estates. He was knighted by King Henry VII on the field of battle for gallant conduct as one of the commanders of the king's forces against the Cornish rebels at Blackheath. He, like his father, was sheriff of Wiltshire. He served in the wars in France and Flanders, and for prowess in the sieges of Theroung and Tournay and the famous 'Battle of the Spurs', he was made a Knight Banneret by King Henry VIII. He was a great noble and a splendid figure of his time, honored at court abroad. He was Constable of Bristol Castle, attended the king at the 'Field of the Cloth of Gold' where took place the celebrated meeting of Henry and Francis I, and also at Canterbury when the Emperor Charles V came to England. At a second interview between the English and French kings, at Boulogne in 1532, Sir John was present as Groom of the Chamber. His marriage was a brilliant alliance, his wife being Margaret, the second daughter of Sir Henry Wentworth of Nettlested, County of Suffolk, who was descended from King Edward I, in one line, from Edward III in another, and consequently from nearly all of the medieval dynasties of Europe.

"One line of Margaret Wentworth's royal ancestry was as follows: The Princess Joan, daughter of King Edward I and Queen Eleanor, who was the daughter of Sait Ferdinand, the King of Castile, married Gilbert de Clare,





"Earl of Clare and Gloucester. Their daughter, Eleanor, married Hugh Le Despencer who became Earl of Gloucester in right of his wife. Their fourth son was Philip Le Despencer whose son, grandson and great grandson bore the same name. The last was Philip Le Despencer of Nettlested, Suffolk and Gonshill, Lincolnshire, a Knight. His daughter, Margaret, married Roger Wentworth, and brought Nettlested to the Wentworths. He was her second husband, her first marriage being to John, Lord de Ros. Roger Wentworth was the younger son of John Wentworth of North Elmsall, Yorkshire, living in the early part of the fifteenth century, whose grandfather, another John Wentworth, was living in 1314 and was son of William Wentworth of Wentworth, Woodhouse, Yorkshire.

"Roger Wentworth died in 1452. He and his wife, Margaret Le Despencer, had a son, Sir Philip Wentworth of Nettlested, whose son was Sir Henry, who died in 1499. He married Anne Sayre and was the father of Margaret Wentworth, the wife, as above stated, of Sir John Seymour.

"Margaret (Wentworth) Seymour's lineage from King Edward III was through the latter's son, Lionel, Duke of Clarence. His daughter, Philippa, married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, and their daughter, Elizabeth, became the wife of Sir Henry Percy ('Hotspur') the son and heir-apparent of the first Earl of Northumberland. 'Hotspur's' daughter, Elizabeth, married John, Lord de Clifford. Mary Clifford married Sir Philip Wentworth. Daughter, Margaret Wentworth, became the mother of the Protector.

"Sir John Seymour and his wife, Margaret Wentworth, had eight children, among whom was Jane who became the wife of Henry VIII and the mother of Edward VI. One son, Thomas, Lord Seymour, Baron of Sudley, High Admiral of England, married Queen Katherine Parr, the widow of Henry VIII. He attempted, after Henry's death, to marry the Princess, Elizabeth, but was unsuccessful. After Katherine Parr's death, in 1547, he again endeavored to induce Elizabeth to marry him. Had she done so without the consent of the Council, her right of succession to the throne would have been forfeited, and Seymour's attempts caused his arrest. He was sent to the tower, convicted of treason, and was executed, (publicly beheaded, another account gives it. Ed.) in 1549. The Council of England appointed a formal investigation of his relations with Elizabeth, which were found to reflect decidedly against him.

"The eldest son of Sir John Seymour was Edward who became the most powerful noble of the realm, the Lord Protector of England. He was knighted in 1523, became an esquire of the King's Household the following year and Gentleman of the Privy Chamber in 1536. This year was prolific in honors for Edward Seymour. He was created Viscount Beauchamp of Hache, Somersetshire, became Governor and Captain of the Isle of Jersey and Chancellor and Chamberlain of North Wales. In 1537 he was created Earl of Hertford, and in 1541 was elected Knight of the Garter. In December, 1542, he became Lord High Admiral of England, and little more than a year afterwards, was made Lord Great Chamberlain of England for life. Honors crowded upon honors. He became Lieutenant General of the North, Lieutenant of the Kingdom under the Queen Regent, and Lieutenant and Captain General of Boulogne. At last, early in 1547, the most powerful office of the state came to him. He was created Lord Protector of all





"the realms and domains of the King's Majesty and Governor of the Royal Person. He was High Steward of England at the coronation of Edward VI, and became Lord Treasurer of England, Earl Marshal of England for life, was created Baron Seymour of Hache, and in the same year Duke of Somerset.

"The Earldom of Somerset had been held by the great house of Beaufort since 1397 when Richard II granted it to John Beaufort, son of John of Gaunt. A son of John Beaufort was created Duke of Somerset. The family of Beaufort became extinct in 1471. The title of Duke of Somerset was borne by Henry Fitzroy, illegitimate son of Henry VIII, until his death in 1536.

"The Lord Protector married Catherine, daughter and heiress of Sir William Filliol of Langton Washe, Essex and Woodlands, Dorsetshire. She brought to the Seymours the right to quarter, with their coat-of-arms her own which was: Vair (bells), a canton (small square in upper right corner of escutcheon), gules (red). (Quartering arms refers to the quarters of the shield. Ed.)

"He repudiated her and married Anne, daughter of Sir Edward Stanhope. Hayward says of this second wife of the Protector, in his Life of Edward VI: 'Anne Stanhope, Duchess of Somerset, was for pride monstrous, a woman of many imperfections, intolerable; she was exceedingly violent, and subtle in accomplishing her ends, for which she spurned all respect of conscience and shame. This woman did bear such invincible hate to the Queen Dowager, first for slight causes and woman's quarrels, and especially because she (Queen Catherine) had precedence over her, the wife of the greatest peer in the land.' The Duke of Somerset entailed his titles and estates to his children by Anne Stanhope, passing over his two sons by his first wife. But the line of male descendants from Anne Stanhope became extinct in 1750, and Sir Edward Seymour, who descended from the Protector and his wife, Catherine Filliol, came into the rank and possessions which should, in justice, have been the inheritance of his ancestors.

"Despite the high rank of the Protector and the honors and titles which had been heaped upon him, perhaps because of these, he had many enemies, and there was much friction between him and the Council. The feeling against him was intensified by the conviction of his brother for treason. France now declared war against England, and the Scotch won victories against the English, all of which increased his difficulties and his disfavor with the people in general. He was finally sent to the Tower, and the Protectorship was taken from him. He was released early in 1550, but was again imprisoned a few months later, accused of treason. His judges failed to prove the charge as originally brought against him, but he was condemned on a charge of felony. He was executed on 22 January, 1552.

"In consequence of his condemnation, he underwent attainder, and the title of Duke of Somerset passed from the Seymours. It came to them again, however, just after the restoration of Charles II. William Seymour, great grandson of the Protector, who had become in 1621 Earl of Hertford and Baron Beauchamp, and had been created Marquis of Hertford in 1640, received from the King the restored Dukedom of Somerset in 1660. This William Seymour had married Lady Arabella Stewart, the cousin of James I, and the latter, being greatly displeased thereat imprisoned Seymour in the





"Tower of London. But he was released, and later in the Civil War fought gallantly on the King's side. He was one of the four nobles, the others being Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Lindsey, and the Earl of Southampton, who offered to die in the place of Charles I when the House of Commons had condemned the King to death.

"The sixth Duke of Somerset, in the line beginning with the Protector, was Charles Seymour. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Joceline Percy, Earl of Northumberland. Macauley says of 'the proud duke', as he was called, 'that he was a man in whom the pride of rank and birth amounted almost to disease.' On the death, without issue, of his son, Algernon, the dukedom passed, as noted above, to a distant cousin, Sir Edward Seymour of Berry Pomeroy, a descendant of the elder branch of the Seymours through the Protector's first wife, Catherine Filliol. He became eighth duke in 1750.

"Henry Seymour, a son of the eighth Duke of Somerset, went to France in 1778, residing near Versailles. He fell in love with the celebrated Madame du Barry, and many of the letters written him by the beauty are preserved in Paris. An illegitimate daughter married Sir James Doughty-Tichborne whose name became familiar throughout the world through the famous Tichborne case.

"The 12th Duke of Somerset, who was first Lord of the Admiralty, was created in 1863 Earl St. Maur of Berry Pomeroy. He married a famous beauty, Jane Georgiana Sheridan, but died without issue, when the Earldom of St. Maur became extinct. His two brothers were successively Dukes of Somerset, and the present duke, the fifteenth, is Algernon Seymour, son of one of these brothers, Algernon Percy Banks Seymour.

"But let us return to the direct ancestral line of Richard Seymour of Hartford. Sir Edward Seymour was the second and eldest surviving son of the Protector and Catherine Filliol, his eldest brother, John, having died before him without issue. He married Mary, the daughter and heiress of John Walshe of Catengar, County Somerset, Justice of the Common Pleas, who bore Arms: Azure, six mullets or, three two and one, a bordure gebonée, argent and gules.

"The son and heir of Sir Edward Seymour and his wife was Sir Edward Seymour of Berry Pomeroy, Knight. He was a member of the first Parliament under James I, and in 1611 was created a Baronet. Two years later he died and was buried at Berry Pomeroy. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Arthur Champernown. Through Elizabeth Champernown, a third royal strain came into the Seymour blood, and her son was Richard Seymour of Hartford. The royal ancestry of the Champernowns was as follows:

"Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter of King Edward III, married Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hertford and Essex. Their daughter, Lady Margaret de Bohun, in 1325 married Hugh de Courtenay, Earl of Devon. Sir Philip Courtenay of Powderham, their son, married Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Wake, Knight. Sir John Courtenay, son of Sir Philip, married Joan, daughter of Sir Alexander Champernown, Knight. They had issue, Sir Philip Courtenay, Knight of Powderham, whose wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Walter, Lord Hungerford. Their son, another Philip Courtenay,





"Knight, was of Molland, and his wife was a daughter of Robert Hungeston. Sir Philip's daughter, Margaret, became the wife of Sir John Champernown, Knight of Modbury. Their son, Sir Philip Champernown of Modbury, was also a Knight. He married Katherine, daughter of Sir Edmund Carew and had a son, Sir Arthur Champernown, Knight of Darlington, Devonshire. He and his wife, Mary, sister of Henry, Lord Norreys of Rycote, were the parents of Elizabeth Champernown, who married, as above stated, Sir Edward Seymour of Berry Pomeroy.

"Richard Seymour, ancestor of a large proportion of the Seymour family in America, was the son of Sir Edward Seymour of Berry Pomeroy and his wife, Elizabeth Champernown. He was born about 1596, for he was seventeen years old when he matriculated at Exeter College, Oxford in February 1612-13. In the register of Exeter his entrance is recorded in Latin, and he is called therein, 'baronetti filius'. The rank of baronet was then a new dignity, and the only Seymour of that rank in the United Kingdom was Sir Edward Seymour of Berry Pomeroy. Moreover, in a list of donors of plate to the college Sir Edward Seymour's name is given as the father of Richard Seymour who was among the donors, and who is called 'fillii Edwardi Seymour Baronetti'.

"Why Richard Seymour came to America is unknown, but he was a younger son, and it may well be that life in the Colonies seemed to promise richer opportunity for advancement than did the usual environment of younger sons in England. His father had died in 1613. His relatives were strongly on the side of the King and the established church when the conflict broke out between the King's party and the Parliament. This was, of course, after Richard Seymour had crossed the seas, but, from the fact of his settlement in a Puritan colony, it may be inferred that he was in sympathy with those who left the Church of England or who disapproved of her tendencies and practices in the Seventeenth Century. At any rate, in the spring of 1640 he was in Hartford, in the Connecticut Colony.

"Ten years later he signed the agreement for the settlement of Norwalk, Connecticut and became one of the first settlers of that town. There he died in 1655.

"His wife was Mercy Rashleigh. Collins, in his 'Peerage', writing at the beginning of the eighteenth century, stated that Richard, the fifth son of Sir Edward Seymour of Berry Pomeroy, the first Baronet, married a daughter of Rashleigh. There came down in the Seymours of Connecticut a tradition that their first American ancestor married Mercy or Mary Rashleigh and that their marriage took place in Barnstable in Devon. This tradition and Collins' statement are corroborated by the possession of two rings, heirlooms in the Seymour family. On one are engraved charges of the Coat-Armor of the Rashleighs of Devon and Cornwall, and on the other the wings of the Seymour arms, and above them the Cornish clough (bird) and rose of the Rashleighs.

"Now what is the proof that Richard Seymour of Connecticut was Richard Seymour, son of Sir Edward of Berry Pomeroy? For one thing, the just cited tradition of the Rashleigh marriage, and the possession by the Seymours of the rings with the Rashleigh and Seymour charges are exceedingly significant, when we consider Collins' statement that Richard, the son of Sir Edward, married a Rashleigh. There is also the fact that the most exhaustive researches





"have failed to account in England for Richard, son of Sir Edward. After the mention in the Oxford Registers of his matriculation, and his gift to Exeter of college plate, we find no further trace of him in Great Britain.

"But, more conclusive than all these evidences, is the 'Great Bible', mentioned in the inventory of Richard Seymour's son, John. This was a 'Bishop's Bible', printed in 1584, and is still in the possession of family descendants. On the title page of the New Testament is a drawing of the Seymour armorial charge, the two wings conjoined in lure, while on this same page appear the royal arms of England with the Fleurs-de-Lis of France in the first and fourth quarters, and the English Lions in the second and third - practically the Augmentation conferred upon the Seymours. On the fly-leaf of this Bible is a drawing of the coat-of-arms of the Seymours of Berry Pomeroy exactly as they are blazoned (described) in the *Heralds' Visitation of Devon* in 1620, and showing the Augmentation, granted 15 August, 1547, by King Edward VI to his uncle, the Duke of Somerset, the grant containing express provision that the right of this Augmentation was conferred upon all descendants of the Protector.

"The coat-of-arms, therefore, which may be borne of right by descendants of Richard Seymour of Connecticut, is blazoned as follows:

"Arms: Quarterly; 1 and 4, or, (gold) on a pile (a triangle with base at top of shield) gules (red), three lions passant (walking to the right), regardant (looking backward) of the field, langued and armed azure (langued means the tincture or color of its tongue is different from that of its body, here presumably blue), between three fleurs-de-lis of the last; 2 and 3, gules, two wings conjoined in lure, tips downward, or. (Conjoined in lure means 'with tips downward - two wings'.)

"Crest: Out of ducal coronet, or, a demi-phoenix in flames proper. (A gold coronet is at the bottom with flames of natural color shooting up around the phoenix.)

(The figures 1, 2, 3, 4 refer to the quarters of the shield thus:

1 2  
3 4

"Motto: Foy Pour Devoir (Faith for Duty)

"Underneath the drawing of the Arms on the fly-leaf of Richard Seymour's Bible (corresponding with above description) is written, 'Richard Seymor of Bery Pomery heytor hund. in ye Com. Devon. his booke. Hartford, ye Collony of Conecicot in Newe England. Annoque Domini 1640.' (A photographic reproduction of above is given in the article - Ed.)

"There always existed a tradition among the descendants of Richard Seymour that they sprang from the family of the Earl of Hertford. That they designated the head of their house by that title, instead of as Duke of Somerset, is natural. When the Protector, the first Seymour Duke of Somerset, was executed, he underwent Attainder, and the Attainder was not removed from his descendants until 1660, twenty years after Richard Seymour left England, and five years after Richard's death. But, in the year 1558 Queen Elizabeth created Edward, the oldest son of the





"Protector and Lady Anne Stanhope, Earl of Hertford and Baron Beauchamp which title belonged to the Protector before he was created Duke of Somerset, and which had been entailed on the issue of his marriage with Lady Anne Stanhope, his rightful heirs, the ancestors of Richard Seymour, being deliberately passed over by this act of entail which was passed in 1540. At the time of Richard Seymour's coming to New England, therefore, and throughout his life, the head of the house of Seymour bore the title of Earl of Hertford, and not that of Duke of Somerset, and it was most natural that their tradition should be handed down as it was.

"It is a far winding road that leads from the early days of Connecticut, back through the exciting epoch of the four last Tudor sovereigns of England, and further back into the dim, rich shadows of the earlier England of the Plantagenets with its great nobles - Percies, Le Despencers, Clares, Mortimers, and Cliffords, all ancestors of Richard Seymour. But this brilliant pageant of splendid knights and nobles, of stately ladies, of kings and queens, is not merely a gorgeous historical picture without relationship to us in the present. It represents a multiplying vitality, disseminating its blood in constantly widening circles down through the Anglo-Saxon race of Great Britain and America.

"In the earlier period of genealogical research it was thought to be a thing rare and unique to prove one's self an American of royal descent. But the New Genealogy, a scientific study in sociology, has brought to light the fact that, in the course of a few centuries, the blood of kings poured itself through the veins of a whole race. The Prince, ascending his throne and regarding a nation as his inheritance, has never dreamed that his glory would become the blood heritage of the people who, in time, number their kings among their ancestors."

Note: The above, very comprehensive article is by Mabel Thatcher Rosemary Washburn, Editor (Genealogical) of the Journal of American History. Ed.

Although Mrs. Washburn's very fine account of the Seymours carries the family down to the middle of the nineteenth century, those covered after the time of Richard, have lived in England, the family's stamping ground since the middle of the thirteenth century. Those of us who believe that we of the Seymour blood must depend on Richard of Hartford as an ancestor would, of course, like to know just how we are connected with him. After some searching in the records of the History Department of the Minneapolis Public Library, followed by a trip to the Minnesota Historical building in St. Paul, I found in the files of the latter a large book, "A History of the Seymour Family" which is described as "Descendants of Richard Seymour of Hartford, Connecticut for six generations, with extensive amplification of the lines deriving from his son, John Seymour of Hartford, compiled and arranged under the direction of George Dudley Seymour by Donald Jacobus." This book was published in 1939 by the Tuttle, Morehouse and Taylor Co. of New Haven, Conn., no longer in existence.

Beginning on page 21 of this book is the following:

"Richard Seymour, founder of the Connecticut family of the name, was baptized at Sawbridgeworth, Co. Herts, England 27 January 1604/5, the son of Robert and Elizabeth (Waller) and the grandson of John and Dyzory (Porter),





"and died at Norwalk, Conn. between 29 July 1655, the date of his will, and 10 Oct. 1655, the date of the inventory of his estate. He married at Sawbridgeworth, 18 April 1631, Mercy Ruscoe, born about 1610..... Richard Seymour came to this country in, or slightly before, 1639, bringing with him his wife, Mercy Ruscoe to whom he was married at Sawbridgeworth, Hertfordshire, and their son Thomas who sealed his will with the wings of the ancient family of Seymours of Penhow."

Note: It will be noted that this description concerning Richard's parents and wife does not agree with that of Mrs. Washburn, quoted above. She seems to have pretty conclusive evidence that he was the son of Sir Edward of Berry Pomeroy and that his wife was Mercy Rashleigh, but I have found other records that give the name of his wife as Mercy Ruscoe, and another that gives her name as Mercy Rashleigh. The reader can make his own choice. Ed.

The following is quoted from a genealogical record at the Minneapolis Library:

"Richard Seamer or Semer, oldest child of Robert and Elizabeth (Waller) Seymer, was baptized at Sawbridge, Hertfordshire, England Jan. 27, 1604-5 and died at Norwalk, Conn. 1655. Between 1630 and 1637 the records of his marriage and the baptisms of three of his children, the last in July 1636, appear in the parish registers of Sawbridgeworth, but after the burial of his father, Aug. 23, 1637, no trace of him is found there or in the neighboring parishes. It is probable that in the spring of 1638 he left for New England. He was, no doubt, influenced by the Rev. Thomas Hooker, pastor at Chelmsford in Essex County who, with some of this congregation, founded Hartford Conn. June 1636. In 1639 we find his name in the list of inhabitants who were granted 'lotts to have only at the town's courtesie with liberty to fetch woode and keep swine or coues on the common.' On June 19, 1650 Richard Seamer was among those making agreement with Captain Patrick and Roger Ludlow 'for the settlings and plantings of Norwalke', and the following year, with Nathaniel and John, sons of William Ruscoe, he was one of the 14 original patentees of Norwalk, Conn. His home lot in Norwalk was directly opposite the meeting house. March 1655 he was elected townsman or selectman. The inventory of his estate, at time of death was L255-9s."

The book, "The Seymour Family" by Donald Jacobus gives on page 153, in introducing his record of Col. Thomas Seymour, first mayor of Hartford, the following:

"Col. Thomas Seymour<sup>5</sup> (Thomas<sup>4</sup>, Thomas<sup>3</sup>, John<sup>2</sup>, Richard<sup>1</sup>)". This is of course all important for our record, and the author gives notes on each of these gentlemen, as follows:

"John<sup>2</sup>, born probably at Hartford, about 1639, d. there between 10 Dec. 1712 and Aug. 3, 1713, m. Mary Watson. He was made a freeman in 1667 and was an active and influential man. In 1670 he and his wife 'owned' the covenant at the Second Church in Hartford, and on 31 Mar. 1678 were admitted to full communion."

Note: In a book, "Hartford Town Votes", published by the Connecticut Historical Society, appear the following town meeting records:





"Att a gen. Towne meetinge feb<sup>r</sup> 13th 1672, these were chosen: Robt. Sanford and John seamore, leather sealers, to stand till others are chosen."

"At a town: meting, desemb 31 1673 theas: ware Chosen: Liften stedman and John semer, Lether selers."

A similar entry is given for 1674, -75, -76, and the years up to and including 1684, in which year "John wilson and John semer weare chossen." In 1681 "John Seamor and John Watson were chosen Fence veiwers of the South Side."

For the town meeting of May 21, 1688 the following entry appears: "The Town by thayr voate granted John Semor that partt of wood Land att the west Ende off the wood Lott he had by Exchange with Siergt Jacob White vnto the River as was granted to that diuision of Lotts Northwards." and on

"Desembur 28, 1693 Chimny uewars Barnibus hingdall north side John Semur south side".

"Att a Town Meeting of the Inhabitants of Hartford held Decemb<sup>r</sup> 21st 1708 The Town Voted and granted That a Rate of one hundred pounds be Levied to defray the Charges of the Town for the year past. Tho. Seamor and Wm. Worthington were Chosen ffence Veiw<sup>rs</sup> for the South meadows, John Seamor Jun. and two others were chosen Collecto<sup>rs</sup> To gather the Town Rate before granted."

A very evident comment to offer in regard to above records is that the town clerks of those days seem to have known very little about spelling or were very careless in the art. Perhaps there is truth in a comment of Donald Jacobus in above book that they spelled "phonetically". At any rate the sounds did not always produce the same letters. I have not been able to learn what "leather sealers" did, but the activities of "fence viewers" and "chimney viewers" would seem to be about the same as those of our building inspectors today. Ed.

To quote again from "The Seymour Family":

"Capt. Thomas<sup>3</sup>(John<sup>2</sup>, Richard<sup>1</sup>) born at Hartford 12 March 1668/9, died there 30 Aug. 1740. Married (1) Ruth Norton, (2) Mary Waters. Prominent man of Hartford, owned large tracts of land in Hartford, chosen Selectman 21 Dec. 1731. Son Thomas<sup>4</sup> was son of first wife.

"Thomas<sup>4</sup> (Thomas<sup>3</sup>, John<sup>2</sup>, Richard<sup>1</sup>) born at Hartford 29 July 1705, died 18 Mar. 1767, m. at Hartford 5 Mar. 1730 Hephzibah Merrill. Graduated at Yale College 1724; became an eminent lawyer and leading man in his native town. Represented Hartford as deputy of Connecticut General Assembly 1746, 1747, 1749, 1750, 1751. Elected Lieutenant of Second Company of Hartford 1744 and Captain of same 4 May 1752.

"Col. Thomas<sup>5</sup> Seymour (Thomas<sup>4</sup>, Thomas<sup>3</sup>, John<sup>2</sup>, Richard<sup>1</sup>) born at Hartford, Conn. 17 Mar. 1735, died there 30 July 1829, aged 94, for three years the oldest living graduate of Yale. He married Mary Ledyard, daughter of John and Deborah (Youngs). He was graduated at Yale in 1755 and became one of the most prominent citizens of his time. He represented





"Hartford in the General Assembly at 18 sessions between 1774 and 1793, being speaker 5 times, and from 1793 to 1803 was annually elected a member of the Connecticut Senate. He was Kings County Attorney 1767, and after the Revolution, State's Attorney. He was commissioned Captain in 1773 and promoted to Lieut. Colonel Oct. 1774. He was chief judge of the Court of Common Pleas, Hartford County, 1798-1803; first Mayor of Hartford, from the inception of the city, June 1784, until his resignation at the age of 77, May 1812. He was one of the trustees of the Grammar School; was a member of the Second, or South, Church, as was also his wife, and in 1767 he was appointed to read the Psalm."

On page 461 of above book is a standing picture of a fine looking lady, Mary (Ledyard) Seymour, wife of Thomas<sup>5</sup>, under which are the words: "Daughter of John Ledyard Esq. of New London and Hartford, wife of Thomas Seymour, First Mayor; sister of the gallant Col. William Ledyard, the 'Hero of Fort Griswold'; aunt of John Ledyard, the traveller, mother of Capt. Thomas Youngs Seymour, the 'Beau Sabreur' of Saratoga; mother of Major Henry Seymour of Hartford, etc."

Also in the same book is a picture of the "Old State House" at Hartford, under which are these words: "Col. Thomas Seymour, 1735-1829, the First Mayor, had offices in this building, 1796-1812."

Editor's Note: I find that above book, "The Seymour Family" may be purchased from Mr. Donald L. Jacobus, Box 3032, Westville Station, New Haven 15, Conn. at a price of \$15. not including postage. Also the New York Public Library, American History and Genealogy Division, has just quoted \$7.90, including postage, for photostats of the pages of this book including Richard, John, Thomas, Thomas, Col. Thomas and Maj. Thomas Youngs Seymour.





Sketch of Colonel Thomas Young SeymourEditor's Note:

On the wall of the family home at 516 6th Avenue Southeast, Minneapolis, has long hung a small picture of Col. Thomas Young Seymour which belonged to my mother's sister, Grace Ashley Williams. On the back of this picture she wrote with a pen:

"My Great Grandfather,  
Col. Thomas Young Seymour  
Born June 19, 1757, entered Yale 1773, aged 16  
Married 1. Mary Ann Ledyard  
2. Susan Bull

Daughter of Thos. Y. and Susan, my Grandmother,  
Mary Ann Seymour  
Born June 16, 1789

Thomas Y. Seymour, lieutenant Jan. 10, 1777  
Served under Gates in Burgoyne's campaign.  
Participated actively in the Battle of Saratoga.  
At Burgoyne's surrender an aide on the staff of  
Gen. Benedict Arnold.  
Selected by Gen. Gates to escort the captive  
general (Burgoyne). Performed this delicate  
duty so much to Burgoyne's satisfaction that,  
at the end of the trip, he presented him with  
a magnificent saddle and leopard skin saddle  
cloth, and a brace of silver mounted pistols.  
In Trumbull's picture of the Surrender of Burgoyne,  
in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington,  
Col. Seymour is represented on a black charger.  
He studied law in Philadelphia after resignation  
from the army. Admitted to the bar in 1780.  
Hartford member of General Assembly, State of  
Connecticut.  
He died May 16, 1811."







Colonel Thomas Young Seymour





(Quoted from "The New England Ministry Sixty Years Ago, a Memoir of John Woodbridge, D.D." by Rev. S. D. Clark)

"Col. Thomas Seymour (1735-1829) joined the army of the Revolution and, while connected with it, received his military commission. But he soon quitted the rough service of the soldier and passed his life, which was prolonged to almost 100 years, in the quieter occupation of a civilian.

"Col. Ledyard (whose daughter married Thomas Young Seymour), who bravely defended Fort Griswold at Groton, Conn., was butchered with his own sword by the British officer to whom he had surrendered it together with the fort; an incident which, connected as it was with the slaughter of some seventy men after they had laid down their arms, thrilled the colonists with horror and nerved them to fiercer resistance.

"William Seymour, son of Thomas, and nephew of Col. Ledyard, a lad of 17, stole into the fort equipped as a soldier. When Ledyard discovered him he asked, in tone of reproof, 'Why are you here, Billy?' He bravely replied, 'Because you need men.'

"By some means a son of Ledyard, a child of nine, was in the fort and could not be removed with safety before the attack of the British began. When the terrible slaughter was going on, after the butchery of Ledyard, a soldier, in the madness of the hour, rushed up to the boy with the intent of striking the mortal blow, but William Seymour, his cousin, threw himself before him, exclaiming, 'You shall cut me to pieces before you touch a hair of this orphan boy's head.' The boy was saved, but in the heroic act, his cousin had one of his limbs nearly severed from his body and was crippled for life.

"Thomas, a son of Thomas Young Seymour, entered the American Army in 1812. He held the office of lieutenant. He served through the war and was in several severe engagements. He was accustomed to seeing men falling thick around him, and once his sword was shivered in his hand. Brave and generous, he was loved by his soldiers. On one occasion he was taken prisoner, but his men, with the shout, 'Save the young lieutenant', rushed into the midst of the enemy and bore him triumphantly back. Though naturally amiable, such was his taste for military life that, after the close of the war, he went to South America and joined the patriots under the distinguished Bolivar. While there his health began to decline. He took passage for home and arrived at New York, where he died.

"Miss Susan Bull who married Major Thomas Young Seymour, had a remarkable escape from death. When she was about 16, the smallpox broke out in the place of her residence. The people were greatly alarmed and few were brave enough to take care of the sick. The infant child of Miss Bull's family physician was seized with the dreaded malady and was carried to the pest-house with no nurse to attend it. Susan was inoculated with the virus of the loathsome disease (that is, vaccinated), went to the infected house, took the infant child in her arms and nursed it tenderly till it died. She was then herself stricken by the destroyer. For eight days her face was so swollen that her eyes were closed, but God preserved the generous girl. Not only was her life spared, but her beautiful countenance was left without a scar, save a single pit above one eye."

Editor's Note: The book above quoted from was published about 1880.



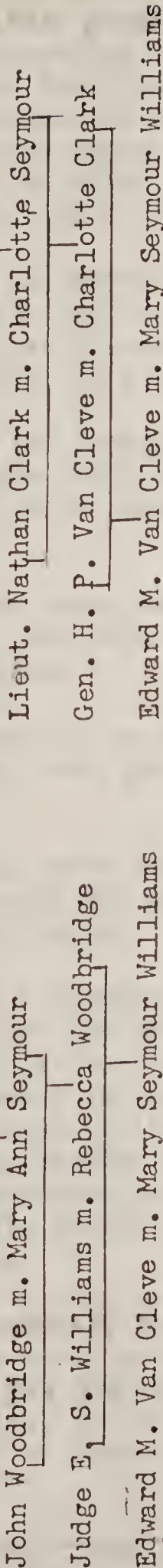


THE SEYMOUR FAMILY

Double Significance of the Seymour Blood  
to Descendants of  
Edward Mortimer (7) and Mary Williams Van Cleve

Col. Thomas Seymour 1735-1829 ----- Mary Ledyard (sister of Col. Ledyard)

Col. Thomas Young Seymour m. (1) Mary Ann Ledyard  
1757-1811 (2) Susan Bull



\* \* \* \* \*

Recurrence of the name SEYMOUR in the  
Van Cleve Family and Connections

- Gen. (7) Charlotte Seymour and Horatio Seymour, children of Horatio (6) and Charlotte.  
Mary Seymour Williams, wife of Edward M. Van Cleve
- Gen. (8) Theodore Seymour, son of William W. and Elizabeth V.C. Hall
- Gen. (9) Houghton Seymour, son of Theodore Seymour and Ruth Houghton Hall
- (9) Thomas Seymour, son of Edwin Oscar and Margaret Brown Hall
- (9) Margery Seymour, daughter of Malcolm and Florence Hall Macintyre
- (9) Charlotte Seymour, daughter of George Barnes and Florence Smith Van Cleve
- (9) Allen Seymour, son of Horatio P. and Leslie Allen Van Cleve
- (10) Jane Seymour, daughter of William and Margery Macintyre Cartwright
- (10) Stephen Seymour, son of Malcolm and Mary-Grey Hufft Macintyre.

Editor's note: When one scans this list of Seymours and notices another "Jane" he cannot fail to recall a former young woman of the name who was distinguished by being the wife of one English king and the mother of another. Perhaps those honors (?) were somewhat eclipsed by the fact that two of her brothers lost their heads by order of the British "Council". These punishments, pretty severe, were somewhat less than justified if one can judge by the fact, applying to one of these gentlemen, that his modern counterpart who made love to a British princess, still had his head at last reports.





## EPILOGUE

Well, the tale is told. At least my part of it is, and I hope that no one who receives this genealogy is going to be disappointed in that items or persons interesting to him are slighted or omitted. Although many names other than Van Cleve are given here, in general those mentioned are in some way connected with our family. Since the collection of data was started, forty years ago, many members have been born and many have died. It is to be hoped that future editions of it will include the changes yet to occur, and I wish the future editor Godspeed.

As this editor has worked over the many facts here presented, he has come to the conclusion that we have a really wonderful family, and before laying down his pen, as it were, he should like to quote these excerpts from "What Is a Family" by Alan Beck in Good Housekeeping:

"When God made the family he must have meditated a long time. The family must have food, shelter and clothing, so there must be a father. He will also repair door knobs, mow lawns and stand on ladders.

"The family must have care, affection and guidance, so there must be a mother. She will be in charge of shopping, spanking, praising and worrying.

"The family must not be dull or tiresome, so there must be a boy to shout, jump, run, get in the way, and hang by his knees from trees.

"The next family must not be forgotten, so there must be a little girl, an angel who will love them, bewilder them, and make them so very, very proud.

"The family is a storehouse in which the world's finest treasures are kept. Yet the only gold you'll find is golden laughter. The only silver is in the graying hair of Dad and Mom. The family's only diamond is on Mother's left hand. Yet, can it sparkle like the eyes of the children at Christmas or shine half as brightly as the candles on a birthday cake? The mines of the earth yield no sapphires so precious as baby's smile when he sleeps or a child's prayer at bedtime: 'God bless Mommy and Daddy and brother and me.'

"The small pleasures, the great sorrows, the hopes, the loves, the dreams of the world are contained within the four walls called Home. Though you may search the four corners of the world for your heart's desire, you'll find that if it's worth having at all, it has been right at home all the time - right at home with the family."

It is to the Van Cleve family, with the roots of the tree in Europe and its branches well spread over America that this effort is affectionately dedicated.

The Editor



NOTES

While the data of the first part of the paper are in the main correct, the second part is in error. The error is in the calculation of the area of the triangle. The correct area is 1000 square units, not 100 square units as stated. The error is due to a misinterpretation of the data.

The second part of the paper is in error. The error is in the calculation of the area of the triangle. The correct area is 1000 square units, not 100 square units as stated. The error is due to a misinterpretation of the data.

The third part of the paper is in error. The error is in the calculation of the area of the triangle. The correct area is 1000 square units, not 100 square units as stated. The error is due to a misinterpretation of the data.

The fourth part of the paper is in error. The error is in the calculation of the area of the triangle. The correct area is 1000 square units, not 100 square units as stated. The error is due to a misinterpretation of the data.

The fifth part of the paper is in error. The error is in the calculation of the area of the triangle. The correct area is 1000 square units, not 100 square units as stated. The error is due to a misinterpretation of the data.

The sixth part of the paper is in error. The error is in the calculation of the area of the triangle. The correct area is 1000 square units, not 100 square units as stated. The error is due to a misinterpretation of the data.

The seventh part of the paper is in error. The error is in the calculation of the area of the triangle. The correct area is 1000 square units, not 100 square units as stated. The error is due to a misinterpretation of the data.

The eighth part of the paper is in error. The error is in the calculation of the area of the triangle. The correct area is 1000 square units, not 100 square units as stated. The error is due to a misinterpretation of the data.

The ninth part of the paper is in error. The error is in the calculation of the area of the triangle. The correct area is 1000 square units, not 100 square units as stated. The error is due to a misinterpretation of the data.

















